

The Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900.

NO. 24.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:17 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:19 P. M. Daily.
8:57 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:08 P. M. Sundays only.
SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:09 A. M. Sundays only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.
Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:25 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:59 P. M.
3:21 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:59 P. M.
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:33, 11:23.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 10:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:45 A. M.
" South..... 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 8:00 A. M.
South..... 7:00 P. M.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGES SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSASSINATOR
O. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

San Pedro Breakwater.

Los Angeles.—Captain J. J. Meyler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., who has in charge the construction of the Government breakwater at San Pedro, has received notification from Washington that the specifications prepared and forwarded to the head of the department last month have been approved with slight modifications. Captain Meyler is given authority to advertise, according to the plan proposed and he will do so when the amended copy arrives from Washington.

Want Revenue Taxes Abolished.

New York.—The New York Chamber of Commerce has adopted a resolution declaring that the stamp taxes should be abolished as soon as the revenues of the Government will permit, and if it is impossible to abolish all of them in the beginning those upon telegrams, express and freight receipts, proprietary articles and sales made upon exchanges should be first abolished.

British Ordered Out of Boer Cities.

Lourenço Marques.—According to a dispatch from Pretoria all British subjects have been ordered to quit Pretoria and Johannesburg immediately, except some 400, who are permitted under a recent law, to remain on the Rand. Those who are expelled number about 600.

Cigarette Ordinance Constitutional.

Washington.—The United States Supreme Court decided the case of Gundling vs. the City of Chicago, involving the validity of the anti-cigarette ordinance of that city. The ordinance was attacked as unconstitutional. The opinion, by Justice Peckham, held the ordinance not to be unconstitutional.

Micalé J. Dady, the Brooklyn contractor who obtained from the Spanish Government of Havana a \$12,000,000 contract for sewerage and paving, has received a letter from Governor-General Wood, informing him that his plans are disapproved and rejected.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

A temperance movement is under way in Mexico.

Both political parties of Alaska will hold conventions in May, the Republicans on the 12th and the Democrats on the 28th, to name National Convention delegates.

It is estimated in Washington diplomatic circles that the stories of friction between Russia and Japan were invented by England to distract attention from South Africa.

Hiram S. Utley, the inventor of many improvements in artificial marble, is dead at his home in Chicago. He was a veteran of the Civil War, and was born in Manchester, Vt., August 18, 1844.

A test is to be made by the Treasury Department in the case of Archibald D. Buchanan, arrested by Government officers on the charge of having in his possession plates and counterfeit stamps of foreign countries.

King Menekle has issued a decree forbidding the importation of alcohol into Abyssinia under heavy penalty. The decree is against alcohol in any form and therefore covers all liquors. Menekle has also made the use of tobacco snuff among his people a breach of the law with a stiff penalty attached.

There are all of twenty new vessels being constructed by the leading steamship lines for the transatlantic service between New York and foreign ports. In addition to these there are at least five new liners that are nearly finished and will be placed in commission in the early part of the coming season, besides a large number of vessels that will carry freight exclusively.

Edward Morse Field, son of the late Cyrus W. Field, was picked up in the Bowery the other day and put in the alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital. With clothes bespattered with mud and battered out of a saloon and fell in the gutter within a few feet of a policeman. At the hospital Field raved a good deal about his misfortunes and his checkered career.

Commissioner-General Peck has suggested to Secretary Hay the advisability of excluding the American dependencies from participation in the American exhibit at the Paris exposition, owing to the prospective delay in the installation of exhibits from the islands, and in the case of Hawaii and the Philippines intimates that fear of the bubonic plague may cause the French government uneasiness.

The Japanese papers say that, owing to the recent discouraging course of trade, exports aggregating much less than imports, gold currency has been flowing out of Japan this year. In a single week at the Bank of Japan nearly 2,000,000 yen in gold is said to have been the excess in payments over receipts. Gold standard financiers are becoming alarmed, and commercial organizations are demanding Governmental action to provide a remedy.

A cable to the N. Y. Sun from London says: In the House of Commons George J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, said that the British Government was watching closely the development of the submarine torpedo boats. But it seemed to him that such weapons were suited to maritime powers that were on the defensive, hence such powers sought to develop this class of boats. The British Government was considering the best method of meeting such attacks.

William Waldorf Astor has, according to common report, tired of the exactions of literature and is anxious to sell the Pall Mall Magazine. The latter has never been much of a go under Astor and has proved very costly to him. The monthly deficit has always been large and it has long been known that Astor grumbled over the bills. The staff is the most expensive in England, and the paper, illustrations and presswork have been of the highest class. It never proved attractive to advertisers, however, and its income has been very small.

The steamer Monmouthshire brings news that the commercialists of Japan are agitating the question of Japan obtaining a foothold in Fookien province, in Southern China, opposite Formosa. The Japan Export Society, founded by Count Inouye, has appointed a committee of influential men to investigate the best methods of increasing exports and decreasing imports. The society believes import duty should be remitted on goods temporarily landed in Japan for transshipment. Shanghai has permitted goods to pass through in bond, thereby building up an immense trade. Kobe is regarded as the most suitable Japanese port of transshipment.

ARMOR-PLATE FACTORY.

Millions Would Be Saved if the Government Owned Its Own Plant.

Washington.—Four members of the minority of the Naval Affairs Committee, Wheeler of Kentucky, Rixey of Virginia, Kitchen of North Carolina and Vandiver of Missouri, united in a report opposing certain items of the naval appropriation bill. Their report dwells especially upon the failure of the majority to make provision for a future supply of armor plate at a reasonable cost.

The report says the minority agree with the majority as to the necessity for purchasing 7400 tons of armor for the battleships Maine, Ohio and Missouri, even though at an exorbitant price, because longer delay would injure the ships and also subject the Government to suits by contractors. The report then criticizes the majority for refusing to attempt to solve the question of a future supply of armor plate, notwithstanding vessels already authorized will require 24,000 tons, adding: "It seems to be pretty generally understood that the armor plate factories will not furnish Krupp armor for less than \$545 per ton, but exactly where this information comes from we are unable to state, for there was no testimony before the Commission on the subject, except from Admiral O'Neill, who did not, as we understand it, speak for the plate factories."

"The sum of \$545 per ton for armor is, in our judgment, beyond question exorbitant, if not outrageous. There is not scintilla of proof form any factory showing what Krupp armor costs to manufacture. Harveized armor has been recently, if it is not now, supplied to the Government at \$400 per ton, and no man connected with either of the factories in this country has said to the committee or any one else, as far as we know, that Krupp armor cannot be supplied as cheaply."

"We have been unable to find, after much investigation, where any one places the labor cost on a ton of armor plate above \$185.50, the great weight of evidence puts it at \$165, and much evidence entitled to weight as low as \$156. The cost of the steel, ingot will seldom exceed \$20, which, together with the royalty (and there is grave doubt in our minds if any royalty whatever is paid), make up the total cost of producing a ton of armor plate. This is, of course, from the standpoint of the purchaser and does not take into consideration the profit of the company nor the interest on the plant or wear and tear of same. Estimating the labor at \$185.50 per ton would make the net cost per ton \$250.50, and estimating it at \$165, the most acceptable figure, would make it \$280 per ton. Now, we submit, if these figures are in the least reliable, \$543 per ton is an exorbitant price to charge for armor plate. In other words, \$315, or even \$295, per ton profit is excessive."

The report presents figures to show that the Government would save millions of dollars by establishing an armor plant. It also urges that the Government should build some of the war ships in navy yards. It also criticizes the bill for extravagance and calls attention to the fact that this bill is \$13,000,000 in excess of any bill heretofore reported and \$26,000,000 in excess or practically double that of any bill ever reported in time of peace, and indicates a growing disposition to forget how money is collected from the people and a tendency of the American Congress to extravagance."

WILL BUY THE HOLLAND.

The Navy Department Will Take the Submarine Boat.

Washington.—An arrangement has been effected between the Navy Department and the Holland Submarine Torpedo-boat Company by which the Government will come into possession of the Holland and secure compensation for the construction of the Plunger, if that vessel is not completed in accordance with the contract. The department has agreed to purchase the Holland for \$150,000. In accordance with the purchase arrangements the company has agreed to deposit \$90,000 with the Government as a guarantee that it will finish the Plunger. The amount to be deposited represents the total payments to the Holland company for its work on that vessel, which is 35 per cent finished.

Congress has appropriated money for the purchase and construction of three submarine torpedo-boats. Of this \$240,000 represents the price to be paid for the Holland and the amount to be expended on the Plunger. It is probable that the Government will construct the third after experimenting with the Holland.

Will Send Funds to Boers.

Washington.—Consul Hay at Pretoria has found a way of conveying funds from the United States to aid the Boer hospital corps. Several days ago he was cabled an inquiry as to the possibility of doing this, and a cablegram was received from him at the State Department announcing that he had been able to arrange for the transfer. Accordingly the department has forwarded some drafts which had been awaiting a decision in this matter, and also has taken steps to notify Mr. Prun of the Red Cross Society of the department's willingness to undertake the delivery in Pretoria of any contributions for charity.

FILIPINOS SUFFRAGE.

A Plan of Government for Island Towns Proposed.

NATIVES GIVEN NEW RIGHTS.

Alcaldes to Control the Public Funds—Officials Required to Know the Various Local Dialects.

New York.—A Sun special from Manila says: The scheme of municipal government, prepared by a mixed board, of which Senor Arellano is president, has received the approval of General Otis. The plan provides for the establishment of autonomous municipal governments to be administered in a liberal spirit. It will give the Filipinos, for the first time, the right of suffrage in election of officers and the establishment of town governments. The scheme provides ample power for the alcaldes in financial matters, giving them control of the public funds, and there is also ample provision for hearing persons who may object to the arrangements. This was never before provided for in the Philippines.

The plan retains the original town limits. The walled city of Manila, however, is not included in the scheme. In the other towns the government is vested in the alcalde and the Council, chosen by the qualified voters, and the Municipal Lieutenant, elected for two years. One-half the members of the Council are to be elected annually. The voters must be twenty-three years of age, must have resided for at least six months in the district, must pay at least thirty pesos annually in taxes, and must be able to read, write and speak English or Spanish.

The candidates for Alcaldes, Lieutenant or membership in the Council must be at least twenty-six years of age, and must have resided at least one year in the district. In addition, they must be able to speak and write English and the local dialects. The Lieutenant and Councilors are to serve without pay. The salaries of the alcaldes and treasurers are to be fixed according to the resources of the various towns, but they must not exceed \$1200 per annum. The Provincial Governor is ex-officio President of the Council and has general supervision over the town affairs. He can remove officials for cause and appoint new ones. The commanding officers of the towns that he considers capable of self-government. When his recommendation is approved, the military officers must canvass the town and designate three residents who shall administer the elective oath to all the inhabitants entitled to vote.

The plan is to go into effect immediately, and will be welcomed by the Filipinos, who have been asking for municipal privileges.

ASSAILANT'S PARENTS APPEAL

Piteous Petition Addressed to Queen Victoria in Behalf of Boy Shooter.

Brussels.—The parents of Jean Baptiste Spido, who made the attempt on the life of the Prince of Wales, have addressed the following petition to Queen Victoria:

"Your Majesty: Two unhappy parents wish to tell you their despair and implore your pity. It is a father and a mother who beseech your majesty to pardon an unfortunate son for an attempt whereof he has been guilty. We are poor, even in indigence, but we are honest. Neither of us has ever failed in our duty. Our child, who has committed this fearful crime, is an innocent lad, acted on by evil incitements. They have taken advantage of his inexperience, but he understands now the character of his act and weeps with us and implores pardon, oh Queen."

"We have nine children, all still little, and all come to you with the same prayer and the same supplication. For to your gracious kindness they look for help."

"Our child is in prison. The idea of it is too horrible. Have pity on us. Have pity on him. His crime was hateful, but he is our child. His heart is good and reproves his act. It seems to us impossible that he can be confounded with criminal wretches."

"At your knees we pray you to intercede in his favor. He is only 15, and was a most respectful, submissive, loving boy, with a heart of gold, knowing nothing, a boy whom they have wickedly deceived by odious lies, inducing him to fire at your most esteemed son, his royal highness the Prince of Wales."

"Great, noble Queen, deign to cast a look of pity on our misery, and our life will be but one outpouring of gratitude and respect to your most august, merciful majesty."

A petition in much the same terms was sent to the Prince of Wales.

Shipment of Citrus Fruits.

Los Angeles.—The railroads have prepared a statement showing that 11,000 cars of citrus fruits have been shipped from Southern California this season. There are still about 4000 cars of oranges and 100 of lemons to be shipped.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

As Conan Doyle Sees Him—Author's Impression of the Troops.

London.—The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Daily Mail, telegraphing, says: The air is thick with rumors of large forces of Boers to the southward, but there is no positive official information on the subject. On the other hand, the railway is said to be well guarded.

Dr. Conan Doyle contributes to the Friend of the Free State a picturesque description of the British infantry. He says: "Who could have conceived that had seen this prim soldier in time of peace that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian? Bulldog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Most of them have swarthy faces and lean a little forward, with eyes steadfast and features impassive, but resolute."

"Here is a clump of mount infantry, with a grizzled fellow, like a fierce old eagle, at the head of them. Some are maned like lions; some have young, keen faces, but all leave an impression of familiarity upon me. Yet I have not seen irregular British cavalry before. Why should it be so familiar to me—this loose-limbed, head erect, swaggering type? Of course, I have seen it in the American cowboy over and over again. Strange that a few months of the veldt should have produced exactly the same man as springs from the Western prairie."

FOR ORIENTAL TRADE.

Plans of the Great Northern to Put on Steamers of Larger Capacity.

Tacoma, Wash.—President Hill of the Great Northern announces that his plans for a new line of American trans-Pacific steamers have again been changed. Some time ago he had plans prepared for several 10,000-ton vessels. Further investigation has convinced him that the future carrying trade across the Pacific must be done at a small margin of profit, and to secure this immense cargo carriers will be necessary. He has accordingly ordered two ships of 20,000 tons capacity each, and intends ordering more. Each vessel will be larger than the Oceanic, or as large as the Lucania and the Campania combined. Their freight floor space will aggregate five acres each, and each cargo will furnish freight for 1200 to 1500 cars, or nearly 100 trains across the mountains. Twenty-five miles of side tracks must be built to accommodate this traffic. The steamers will be placed in commission in the fall of 1901. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha line of Japanese steamers will probably then be turned over to the Union Pacific, which Hill hopes will join with the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific in centering trans-Pacific business on Puget sound.

RULES FOR USE OF CAMERAS.

Photographers at the Paris Exposition Must Observe Regulations.

New York.—The Minister of Commerce, Postoffice and Telegraph of France has promulgated a set of rules governing the use of cameras at the Paris Exposition. No exhibited article can be photographed without the written permission of the exhibitor and the operations must be carried on so as not to interfere with the movements of the crowds. Hand cameras may be used at all hours, the fee for each instrument being twenty-five francs. Cameras set upon tripods are allowed only until 1 p. m., and the privilege is controlled by a card having the photograph of the person enjoying the permission. The fee for such cameras is 1000 francs each. Besides these fees the owners of the cameras and their assistants must pay the regular admission price to the grounds.

Mails for Points in Northern Alaska.

Washington.—The Postoffice Department has issued notice to all Postmasters that mail will be dispatched on April 30th by steamers from San Francisco and Seattle for St. Michael and Nome. On that date and during the open season registered mail of all classes for postoffices on the Yukon river and for postoffices north of St. Michael in Alaska will be forwarded by all steamers authorized to carry mail to those localities.

A postoffice has been established at Sea Level, Alaska, with special service from Ketchikan.

Imports From Germany Increased.

Berlin.—The Frankfurt Consulate-General reports \$9,245,437 exports to the United States during the months of January, February and March, being an increase of over \$1,000,000. For the whole of Germany, except Dresden, the figures are \$27,352,397 for the first quarter of 1900, being an increase of \$6,265,855 as compared with the figures for the corresponding quarter last week.

Parcels Post With Venezuela.

Caracas.—President Castro signed and delivered to the United States Minister, F. B. Loomis, the parcels post convention. It is considered that this agreement should augment the American retail trade by a million dollars yearly, so far as the mail order business is concerned.

When sweet cream is mixed with that which is sour it does not all churn.

When Hens Lay.

The Maine Farmer says: "A hen needs 100 days off in a year to change her clothing, and this time comes from August to December, varying with different hens, some moulting early, some late. When we get a flock that will produce 208 eggs in a year, or even 198, we shall be perfectly willing for them to stop for their months and take a rest."

We do not believe this, because we have had hens lay right along when moulting, almost, if not quite, as regularly as at any other time. And we do not think any hen which takes 100 days off at one time can be forced to lay 208 or even 198 eggs in a year.

With hens less than two years old the process of moulting and getting new plumage is so gradual as to make but little difference to their looks, excepting when the tail feathers drop out, and little difference in their apparent health or productiveness, if they are a little better fed at that time. At least such has been our experience with Plymouth Rocks and Brahmas. We should not know when moulting began if we did not see the feathers blowing about the yard. Give them good sound wheat and corn, with plenty of beef scraps, bone and green food, and they will not need a long vacation if kept in a warm house at night. If they roost in the trees and get no meat excepting a few belated fall bugs which they have to run after we do not blame them for not paying their board when they are getting new suits of clothing.

The police investigation into the outrage upon the Prince of Wales shows that Jean Baptiste Spido, his assailant, acted without premeditation. Spido was under the influence of companions who had urged him against his will to commit the outrage.

the whole
story of
Cyrus
Noble
whiskey.

age- purity

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that

SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. **!!**
Wood and Coal. **!!** **!!**

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

Life is a war either of conquest or defense.

A priest can no more tell all he knows than a newspaper can tell all it knows.

Speaking of tariffs, the country would welcome a protective tariff on those vile, imported French plays.

Right here at home the Chinese find the looted laundry problem much more serious than the open-door question.

Rainbow-chasing will always be a habit in politics and other walks of life. They come high, but we must have them.

A girl in New Orleans married a lumate after one day's acquaintance. Which is perhaps one of the craziest things on record.

It won't do Spain any good to invest 7,000,000 pesetas in quick-firing guns unless she invests a reasonable amount in target practice with them.

It is asked why women fall in love with inferior men. Generally speaking, considering the subject, it is strange they ever fall in love at all.

Paul Kruger is reported to be worth \$25,000,000. Have the people who are sympathizing with him ever stopped to think what they would say about a man who got that rich in office over here?

The man who gave as a reason for stealing a clock that he was in love should be encouraged. There are mighty few in his predicament who take such precautions to know when it is time to say "Good-night."

The advantage of horses over bicycles in warfare was demonstrated at Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking, where, if the besieged garrisons had been compelled to depend upon bicycles for rations, they could never have held out.

It will please Queen Victoria, no doubt, to learn that the life of a British soldier in South Africa was saved because a bullet was stopped by a box of her chocolate which he was carrying in his pocket—even though the incident does call the attention to the indestructibility of the chocolate.

A man from St. Louis recently rode in an electric car in Cape Town with eight other Americans from different parts of the United States. The car was made in Philadelphia, the rails in Pittsburg, the motor in Lynn; the motorman was from San Francisco and the conductor from Boston. In the friendly competition for the trade of the world this country is beginning to take its share.

Is it possible for a jury to be too intelligent? One writer has recorded an answer in the affirmative. But if there may be overintelligent men in the panel are we not in peril also from an excessively impartial judge, unduly truthful witnesses, too much pure air in the courtroom breathed by litigants anxious that their opponents shall win the suit? It may all be when men and women are really "too good to live," but not until then.

A wealthy citizen of California has obtained, after some years of effort, the consent of the wardens of a church in Wiltshire, England, to the removal to America of the monumental tablet to Lawrence and Elizabeth Washington. They are supposed to have been the great-grandparents of George Washington. The slab is to be taken to Washington—the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury having taken in charge the matter of its transportation—and set up in the Smithsonian Institution.

The curious grammatical error—almost incoherence—of the famous Monroe doctrine has often been commented upon. Something near a parallel to it appears in the recently negotiated treaty between this country and Great Britain for the construction and control of the Isthmian canal. The text of that treaty provides that ratifications of it shall be exchanged "within six months of the date hereof, or earlier if possible!" And the treaty was written and carefully revised and re-revised by one of the most accomplished literary men of the age. It is perhaps because the slip is so obvious that it passed notice.

Prof. Sumner of Yale made a foolish speech on the marriage question. He said that ninety per cent of all marriages were failures. Still more foolish speeches are made by those annoyed by Prof. Sumner. What is the use of getting excited about the marriage question? It is true that about ninety per cent of those who are married are more or less unhappy. Of those who are unmarried perhaps ninety-eight per cent are unhappy. Marriage has nothing to do with it. It is just a question of human life. Human life begins as a general rule with brilliant hopes, which cruelly dwindle away. We aim to get what others cannot get—to have what others cannot have. Of course, not every man can excel every other man. In a state of civilization in which so-called "success" consists in enjoying amid plenty the contemplation of your neighbors' wants the great majority must be failures. Except for the man who is trying to do his own duty in

his own line, life is pretty apt to be unsatisfactory toward the end. Ninety per cent at least are unhappy, married or single, because ninety per cent are miserably imperfect.

A dozen or more years ago a farmer twisted a bit of iron about a wire fence, and noticed that his cattle avoided it. Thus originated the use of the barbed-wire fence, which has cut the great, free prairies into ranches. It has lacerated and cut from water countless numbers of the wild animals that once roamed the prairies, and is now classed as war material by the nations. Both in Cuba and in South Africa the demoralization wrought by the deadly barbed-wire fence was greater than that of the most improved guns and powder. The position of fence-cutter has promoted the drummer-boy into the forefront of danger. When Lieut. Ord led his men in a rush up San Juan hill, a boy private by his side fell, mortally wounded. Ord heard his faint cry and paused in his rush to say, "My poor fellow, I can do nothing for you." "I did not call you back for that," was the brave reply. "I am done for; but take my steel nippers. There may be another fence beyond that hill, and I won't be there to cut it for you." The boy lived to hear the shout of victory, but the gallant leader, with the boy's nippers in his hand and the boy's devotion last in his heart, lay dead not many yards away.

It is on record that Mary's little lamb, when it followed her to school, "made the children laugh and play," and consequently had to be turned out by the teacher. But it is also on record that in Boston there are several schools which have regularly maintained such pets as cats, guinea pigs and rabbits, and have allowed these animals to play freely about the school rooms, without any disconcerting or time-wasting effect. It is even asserted that the presence of the dependent and loving little creatures had a beneficial effect on the schools. They taught the little city children how animals familiar to country people look, and also, by arousing their affection, inclined the hearts of rough children to humanity and tenderness. There was just enough recreation in the presence of the animals to do the children good, without distracting them unduly. The animals were, in the midst of the slums of the city, a connecting link between the children and God's beautiful natural world. It may not be practicable to provide all schools with animal pets, and in the country it may be quite superfluous to do so; but the proposition in Boston, which has the backing of a very distinguished man, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, is at least an interesting one.

The greatest evil of divorce is the one of which little is said—the catastrophe to the children from the disruption of the family. An instance from current New York life will illustrate better than a thousand generalities: In a divorce suit that created a great deal of talk not long ago the court gave the father custody of the children. He has put them in charge of one of his female relatives. The younger child is a little girl just old enough to write in a large scrawling hand and to read words of one syllable if the type is large and her mind not too tired. A few days ago, about midnight, the nursery governess missed the child. She was not in her little bed, not in her room, not in the house—and the front door was unaccountably open. The governess ran into the street and to the corner, where she presently saw under a street lamp far down the block a small figure marching sturdily away from "home" through the lonely, "boggy"-haunted darkness. The governess called, the child looked back and then ran on until one of her shoes came off. This enabled the governess quickly to overtake her. She had on her hat, a coat buttoned all awry over her night gown. She had not stopped to put on her stockings or to button her shoes. "Oh, let me go on!" she sobbed. "Why, where do you want to go, you naughty little girl?" said the governess. "I wanted till you were asleep," replied the child, "and then I started out to find my mamma." And they had thought that the child had forgotten because they had told her never to speak of her mother and she had said nothing about her for more than six months. There is much brave talk about "supreme duty to one's own individuality" and about "the irrepressible conflict of hostile temperaments." But it sinks away into shamefaced silence before the appealing voice of a forlorn little child looking for her lost mother.

Hunting Rabbits with a Hose.
Boys in Nebraska, a ferretless country, carry with them when hunting a coil of hose about an inch in diameter, which they pay out down a rabbit hole until the bottom is reached, meanwhile drawing the mouth of a sack over the hole. A cheerful shout down the hose brings the rabbit out at his best pace, plump into the sack. The hose evidently does the business as quickly as the ferret, with no vexatious delays.

Rapid Time to the Orient.
From London to Bombay in eleven days is the remarkable program laid out by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. The journey will be made by the Brindisi route, and involves faster time than is usual on Italian railways. The chief item is the voyage from Suez to Bombay, which is made at the rate of seventeen knots an hour.

When a man gets into a peck of trouble he is quite content to hide his light under a bushel.

All men are made of dust—but some dust is about two-thirds sand.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

I've worshipped there for many a year—they never seen me fall; But now they've come an' told me that the old church is for sale, The auctioneer is ready, an' they're goin' to let her go— The old church where we praised the Lord from whom all blessin's flow!

I jest can't help the heartbeats—the mist that's round my eyes— For there I read my title clear to mansions in the skies; An' there, in years that had their tears, I found salvation free— And knew that sweet, amazin' grace had saved a wretch like me.

I knowed the "amen corner"—I knowed the "anxious seat"— An' when the organ shook the walls, or died in music sweet, Like a little child a-dreamin', I closed my old eyes there, An' my soul went up to heaven on the wings of love an' prayer.

There was sweetest consolation in the holy, heavenly calm That led us into Gilead, where we found the healin' balm. 'Twas there we glimpsed the beauty of a better, brighter sky That bent o'er Canaan's happy land, where our possessions lie.

But the old church now is thrown aside— they're buildin' of a new, But the same salvation's in it—thank the Lord! for me an' for you; But no matter how they built it, my heart will always go To the old church where we praised the Lord from whom all blessin's flow! —Atlanta Constitution.

Sunday and Monday Beggars.
"The pew is a testimony to the family, and ought to be maintained with its doors removed, and it does not matter whether a man pay \$50 a year for his pew or 50 cents," writes Ian MacLaren of "The Pew and the Man in It" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The church authorities should see that the householder has his pew, with room enough in it for himself, his wife, and the children which God has given them. There is no reason in the world why the rich man should not pay a handsome sum for his church home. And some of us have never been able to understand why an artisan should not give something for his church home also. Surely, every man wishes to do what is right in the direction of his church. Every self-respecting man likes to pay for his home, whether it be large or small, and it touches a man's honor to live in a workhouse, where he pays no rent and depends on the public. There is no necessity that this home feeling and this just independence should be denied in the house of God, but it rather seems a good thing that the man who works and gives to provide a house where he and the children can live together in comfort and self-respect six days of the week should do his part to sustain the house where they worship God on the seventh day. He is a poor creature who will allow a rich man to pay his rent for him on week days, and I have never been able to see where there is any difference between being a beggar on Sunday and a beggar on Monday."

Keep Cheerful.
In a private letter, says the Michigan Christian Advocate, we saw this fine sentence: "Life is too short to be saddened by past events." Yet many persons brood over their sorrows and troubles as if the present life were not worth the living. How wrong it is! No person ever derived any good from unhappy reveries. Excessive grief never yet resurrected the lamented dead, but it has diminished the life forces and hastened death. We may and should remember our loved ones gone, but the reflection that their troubles are over and that we must soon follow them, should temper our regret. In a thousand years from now the intervals which elapse between the death of others and our own death will seem but as moments. Even living people look back to the deaths of long ago as having occurred about the same time, although years may have rolled between them. Go out to the cemetery and read inscriptions at graves of persons once known to you. What matters it that one died ten or twenty years before another? All are dead. In a little while we shall lie among them and the world will forget us all. Live while you live. Live right. Live well. Live in the present. Learn good lessons from the past and divine hope from the future, but be downcast and terrified at neither. Make the most of your opportunities and cheer your fellows all you can.

Speak a Kind Word.
Few people realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency, by words of encouragement, seasons of difficulty, by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words fitly spoken often sink so deep into the mind and heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious and oft-recurring memory—a continuous sunshine, lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded and illumined by a single expression of approval falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature. Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him, as well as to the hearer, a source of great happiness.

to be had for the mere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words at appropriate times is easily acquired, while at the same time it is of so much importance that it should be sedulously cultivated by all.—Selected.

Lend a Hand.
Lend a hand to the fearful.
Lend a hand to the tempted.
Lend a hand to the doubting.
Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.
Lend a hand to the student at school.
Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.

Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.
Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.
Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.

Lend a hand to those upon whose lives the sun seldom shines.
Lend a hand to the warrior who is fighting his battles alone.

Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.
Lend a hand to young people whose homes are cold and repelling.

Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.

Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.

Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest.

Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.—Silver Cross.

Illustrations from the Bible.
You are not philosophers of the kind who suppose that the Bible is a superannuated book; neither are you of those who think the Bible is discredited by being referred to our judgment in small matters. The very divinity of the book seems to me, on the contrary, to justify us in referring everything to it, with respect to which any conclusion can be gathered from its pages. Assuming, then, that the Bible is neither superannuated now, nor ever likely to be so, it will follow that the illustrations which the Bible employs are likely to be clear and intelligible illustrations to the end of time. I do not mean that everything spoken of in the Bible histories must continue to endure for all time, but that the things which the Bible uses for illustration of eternal truths are likely to remain eternally intelligible illustrations.—Ruskin.

Divine Keeping.
"The Lord is thy keeper." Amid the perils that threaten us, the snares laid for our feet, the enemies that assail, and considering also our infirmities and our natural tendencies to evil, the assurance yielded by these words is most certainly encouraging. We need a divine keeper. He never slumbers. He is never surprised. He is always at hand. His resources are infinite. He is never weary; never discouraged. His understanding is infinite. He never fails nor forsakes his people who trust in him. "The Lord keepeth mercy and truth for those who fear him, and for those who keep his covenant." "God keepeth the feet of his saints." "None of their steps shall slide."—Western.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Breathing in rough water is made easy by a new life preserver, which has a vertical tube secured to the front of the air chamber, with a mouthpiece through which air is drawn from the top of the tube, which extends above the head.

Two New Jersey men have patented a handy gas-lighting device, which uses, in connection with a wax taper, a parallel strip of friction caps, pressure on one end of the lighter forcing the taper out a short distance and striking one of the caps to ignite it.

To prevent the reins from catching under the horse's tail a new harness attachment is formed of a metal yoke secured to the back strap, with fingers extending on either side to carry the lines, a brace being set at right angles with the yoke to hold it vertical.

An electrical hair brush recently patented has a dry battery attached to the back, with an induction coil to excite the current, wires running from the coil to a gripping plate on the handle and to a plate connecting with the wire bristles to form a circuit through the head and arm.

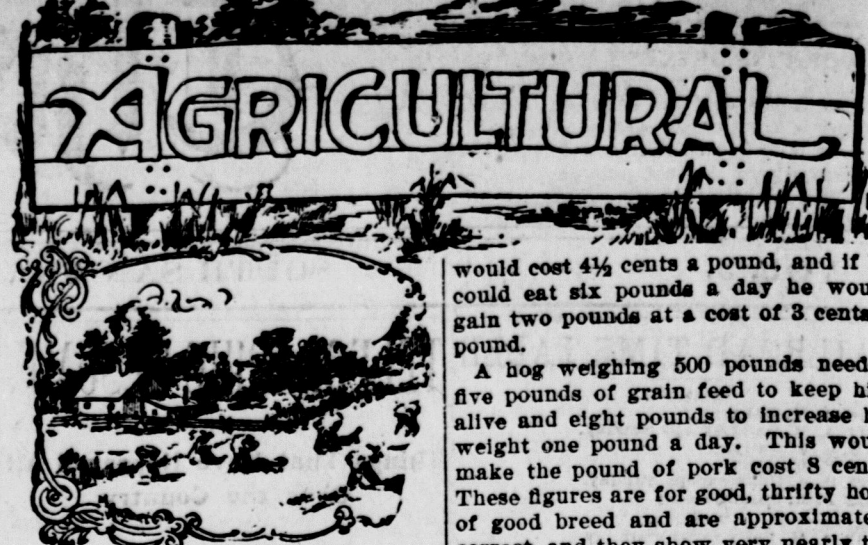
By the use of a Tennessee man's device horses can be checked and unchecked without leaving the carriage, a short strap being used to connect the reins over the back pad, with a second strap joining the first strap to the check rein, in order that a pull on the reins can guide the check over the hook.

Lighthouses and Lifeboats of Old.
A search of the record of that venerable corporation, Trinity House, London, shows that it is just 390 years since the first lighthouse was erected at Lowestoft, and this is noted as the first regular lighthouse on the coasts of Great Britain. The next lighthouse to be erected was at Winterton, in 1618. Lowestoft has had, moreover, the unique distinction of possessing the first lifeboat. It was in 1809, just 200 years after the first lighthouse was built there, that the first lifeboat was dispatched on her initial errand of mercy from Lowestoft.

Many Millions in Cemeteries.
The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represents a capital of \$100,000,000.

A back writer who is obliged to walk when he travels says there is nothing in a name.

If Solomon's wisdom was due to his collection of wives, then mormonism must be all right.



BRAN AND CORN PRICES.

As bran also contains a large proportion of fat and starch it does not differ very widely from some grains, and the only way to judge of the value of bran is to compare it with the price of corn. If corn is selling at \$20 per ton and bran at \$15, the farmer should then consider whether it would pay him to buy bran on a difference of \$5 per ton, but in so doing there must be also considered the kinds of food already used, the location of the farm, the purposes for which the animals are kept and the value of the manure from the stock. The greater amount of protein in bran, as compared with corn, should make it more suitable than corn for cows which produce milk that is sold daily, as a large proportion of nitrogen is carried away in milk. There is also a gain in the mineral elements in the use of bran, as corn is deficient in that respect. For young and growing stock the foods that contain the mineral elements should be preferred, but where linseed meal and clover are used there will be no necessity for feeding bran. A large number of farmers purchase bran, and it will be to their interests to endeavor to know something of the various kinds on the market, as a falling off in the nutritional elements of the bran used may really cause it to be expensive.

TESTING SEEDS.

The farmer or gardener should test his seeds before planting them or sowing them, to see how large a proportion of them will germinate. We know of no better way to do this than to place them between two layers of flannel, which place in a plate, moisten with water and cover with another plate, then set in a warm place where it will not freeze nights, and keep the flannel moist. Most of garden seeds should germinate in a few days. Any which do not appear within a week after the first comes may be considered practically valueless, for although some might be more than a week behind the first, and yet sprout finally, where they start so slowly they seldom make vigorous plants. It is a good idea to count the seeds put in, say 100 of each for small seeds, and if 80 to 85 per cent. of them have put out good sprouts at the end of the test they are good seed, and 70 per cent. is a very fair seed, though we would not care to use any that did not test up to that. Of course the time before the first sprout appears varies with different seed. Lettuce might come in three days, and some kinds of grass not in less than three weeks. Carrots are said to germinate better in the soil than under this test, and the same may be true of beets.—American Cultivator.

A TRAVELING PIG PEN.

While among the farmers in Wisconsin we ran across a novel device—a movable pig pen, which many of our readers who keep in a pen pigs which they want to put out to grass will find very useful.

The illustration will show how it is made. A pair of old wheels of any kind will answer. One corner is roofed



MOVABLE PIG PEN.

over and floored for a sleeping pen or shelter during a storm. A trough is also permanently attached to the opposite corner.

The pen can be readily shifted from place to place each day, thus giving the pigs a fresh place and new grass continually.—Farm News.

OLEO NOT STEER FAT.

It is always in order to take a whack at oleomargarine, the greatest food fraud of the nineteenth century, says the Racine Journal. The kidney fat of a fat steer, such fat as it is claimed is used for the production of better grades of oleomargarine, will weigh about forty pounds. Assuming that the average cow will produce 160 pounds of butter in a year, it will take four steers to offset one cow as a butter producer. Enough oleomargarine was made last year to offset the product of over 400,000 cows; so, if this choice fat was used alone in its production, 1,600,000 steers were drawn upon, but there was not any such number of steers killed, and so it proves that oleo is not made of that sort of fat.

FEED TO MAKE PORK.

The Wisconsin experiment station has proven that a pig weighing 100 pounds requires one pound of cornmeal and a half pound of wheat middling, to keep it alive without gain or loss. Three pounds a day of the same feed would make a pound of pork, and if the grain cost \$20 per ton, the pork

would cost 4½ cents a pound, and if he could eat six pounds a day he would gain two pounds at a cost of 3 cents a pound.

A hog weighing 500 pounds needed five pounds of grain feed to keep him alive and eight pounds to increase his weight one pound a day. This would make the pound of pork cost 8 cents. These figures are for good, thrifty hogs of good breed and are approximately correct, and they show very nearly the economy of killing hogs before they weigh 200 pounds if they can be made fat. But the profit on hogs to the farmer in the West is not so much in the gain from grain feed as that the hog turns unsalable products and the wastes of the farm into that which sells readily.

HOW TO GROW POTATOES.

The natural soil for the potato is that which is fairly rich, warm and dry. The soil should be plowed in the spring (it would have been better to have plowed in the fall and again in the spring) at least a week or two before planting time. If the soil is so moist as to make the growing of late varieties hazardous this may be overcome by exposing the seed tubers to partial sunlight (spread them out under trees), which will cause the starch in the potato to be transformed to sugar. The buds will grow strong and large and the seed will come up much quicker. After planting, cover and ridge the ground so that there will be six or eight inches of soil over the seed. A few days before the potato plant would be through the ground use a cultivator between the rows, a narrow harrow will do as well or better, running as close to the rows as possible, repeating this cultivation every ten days until it is impossible to get a cultivator between the rows. This constant cultivation, in connection with frequent spraying, is the keynote of success. Fertilizers are necessary, but the average potato field needs cultivation more than it does fertilizing.

INVENTION OF A WOMAN.

This novel hitching post is the invention of a woman. It consists of a pipe or hollow frame, mounted on a suitable base and provided with a hinged cap or cover. Inside this frame a hitching strap, coiled on a shaft actuated by a spring and carrying a snare or swivel at its end, is adjusted, so that it can be uncoiled and attached to the

usual manner. This construction results in a convenient and neat arrangement, as the strap is automatically wound up on the spring drum when not in use and the frame and cover protect it. It is always ready for use, and if the cover is locked or bolted and the frame firmly fastened in the ground, meddling by small boys or vandals is prevented.

WEED LAW AROUSES IOWANS.

Iowans are thoroughly aroused to the execution of a new law requiring weeds in the highways to be cut at a proper time. The statutes require that if in any case the weeds of lands in the public roads are not cut before Aug. 15 it becomes the duty of the road supervisor of the township to take the case in hand. In the event that the land owner does not within three days heed the written reminder given him of the law's requirement, then the supervisor shall cause the weeds on such land to be mown, and he shall make return of his bill for the work at a rate not to exceed \$2 per day, which shall be paid from the district road fund. The amount so paid is then entered up and levied against the lands on which said weeds have been destroyed and collected by the county treasurer the same as other taxes. Auditor Millin, of Taylor County, has stated in the newspapers that the call for copies of the road law bearing on weeds was so great that the edition became exhausted, after which the same was printed as regular advertising matter in the newspapers of the State.

CARE OF DAIRY COWS.

Every farmer knows how difficult it is to keep cows clean when they are stalled for the night, and to stanchion them is a system that is not approved, by some. One farmer tested the plan of blanketing the cows as a protection against cold, the same as with horses, and found that the use of a blanket increased the flow of milk and made a saving in food, as well as preventing colds and sickness. The floor was littered to the depth of six inches with straw. The only drawback was that frequently the blankets would become soiled, thus necessitating labor in keeping them clean.

A GOOD DAIRY HERD.

The question is often asked whether it is most desirable in developing a good dairy herd to use a full-blooded sire or to buy a number of full-blooded young stock. The quickest way undoubtedly is to buy the young stock, but if you have a number of first-class individual cows, no matter if their breeding is not gilt-edge, an exceedingly fine herd can be built up after a few years by buying a full-blooded sire. The dairyman is more apt to be satisfied with the final results, as in buying young stock there is always danger of getting poor individuals.

WORRY'S USELESS BRIDGES.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear?
Where is the stain of last night's tear?
Where is the tooth that ached last year?
Gone where the lost pins go to.
For last night's riddle is all made plain,
The sunshine laughs at the long-past rain,
And the tooth that ached has lost its pain.
That's where our troubles go to.

Where are the clothes that we used to wear?
Where are the burdens we used to bear?
Where is the bald head's curling hair?
Gone where the pins disappear to.
For the style has changed and the clothes are new,
The skies are wearing a brighter hue,
The hair doesn't snarl like it used to do,
And the parting has grown more clear, too.

Where are the bills that our peace distressed?
Where is the pin that the baby "blessed"?
Where are the doves of last year's nest?
Where have the pins all gone to?
On the old bills paid are new ones thrown,
And the baby's at school with her pins outgrown,
And the squabs are running a nest of their own—
You can't bring 'em back if you want to.

We stand the smart of yesterday,
To-day's worse ills we can drive away;
What was and is brings no dismay
For past and present sorrow,
But the burdens that make us groan and sweat,
The troubles that make us fume and fret,
Are the things that haven't happened yet—
The pins we'll find to-morrow.
—Robert J. Burdett.

NEMESIS.

66 I T is easy enough to break off with a woman, Jack; don't worry so. She will take it hard for a time, but if you must break her heart sooner or later, save your own out of the wreck if you can. After all, a woman's heart is hard to break. It is 'off with the old love and on with the new' with the whole sex, I find."

"But you don't know the girl, Ben. She is a blamed sight too good for me. She is one of those sweet, refined girls, whose affection absorbs her whole soul; and I know she loves me as few men are ever loved. Every look, word or action tells me it is true, and, though I feel that I have made a mistake, Ben, I cannot tell her so."

"Don't tell her a thing, Jack. That is not the way to manage a woman. Simply disgust her with herself. Stop sending her flowers and knickknacks; don't take her out so much, and when you do, praise up some other woman to her. And, Jack, don't go over so often; tell her you are taking up a new study or working nights. She won't believe you, of course, but that won't matter. Make engagements and fail to keep them, or go over late, or be seized with a desire to return early. Oh, there are a hundred and one ways to aid you. You can tease her a little, when she is serious and be serious when she is gay. In fact, differ with her as much as possible without being antagonistic, and find fault and pick to pieces the little arguments she may give in defense. And be as entertainingly disagreeable as you can without really appearing to be so. I will wager that within a month you will be as free as air. The girl will shake you. No woman can stand the pressure. I have tried it, my boy, and I know. My old-time sweetheart, Frances Grayson, is now the wife of a far better man than myself, and the happy mother of a charming boy. Of course she did not name the child for me—but I did not expect it."

"I believe I will try it, old man. But I am fond of the girl in a way, and if you hear of our marriage you can know I lost heart."

"Cheer up, Jack, my boy," said Ben Mallory, wringing his hand. "Love is a lottery, and Cupid is a merry little fellow when you know how to manage him."

Ben Mallory and Jack Downs had known one another but a month, yet in that short time had developed a firm friendship that only the confidence of youth can instill. They were both strangers in the city and brother lawyers in the same firm, which added to their congeniality.

Jack was an only child, adored by his parents, while Ben was one of a large family of two marriages, whose place in his home numerous brothers and sisters usurped. He had been reared by a wealthy uncle of no family, with whom he had lived for years, returning to his own home once a year for a short vacation. For his own people he cared little and seldom spoke of them, not wishing to explain their strained relations. Yet if Ben Mallory ever truly loved a being on earth he loved his sweet little half-sister, Kitty Kemper. She was now at college, and had lately ceased to write to her big, handsome brother as often as was her wont.

Ben had not seen Jack Downs since their talk, though he heard from him now and then from his home, whither he had gone for a rest. "I am taking your advice," he wrote, "but the girl baffles me. I don't know how to take her, and I feel like a confounded brute. I've a mind to make a clean breast of it."

The next letter said: "Ben, I am free. After all, I am not happy. I wish I had been square with the little girl. She let me down hard. Mother has set her heart on my marrying an heiress in town, but of the two little girl suits me best."

"That fellow is a fool," murmured Ben, as he unfolded a small missive

from home. "He loved that girl and didn't know it."

Ben smoothed out the paper and read: "Kitty does not seem happy. The child never complains, but she always loved you, and you might cheer her up a bit."

"MOTHER."

"Kitty unhappy?" Ben ran his fingers through his straight, black hair and thought hard. "It is some man," he said to himself. "I should like to put my two hands about his ugly throat and choke him, so!" and he crushed the letter in his strong hands, then threw it from him impatiently. "Yes, I will go and cheer up the little girl. Poor little Kitty! She is not like other girls."

Two days later Ben sat in Kitty's cozy sitting-room, with the bright fire-light shining on her pale little face, and reflecting the tears in her honest gray eyes.

Ben drew her down beside him on a divan. "Tell me about it, little girl," he said.

"There is not much to tell," she whispered, nestling close in his strong, loving arms, as a tired child might do when weary with play.

"I loved him, Ben. O, I did love him so! He was kind and true at first, and then he seemed to grow moody and sullen, and often cruel. I didn't understand at first."

Ben shuddered at a strange feeling of horror crept into his heart.

"Go on, little girl. His voice sounded unsteady."

"Sometimes I would not see him for days, and he got so I could never depend on him, and he never kept his word. He could not kill my love, Ben, though I finally tried to hate him. But he spoiled my life and killed my respect for him, and now I despise him, thoroughly despise him—yet love him still."

Ben's face had lost its gentle expression, and with stern set features he stared at the polished door.

"What is his name, and who is he?"

His hard voice startled the girl.

"Jack Downs. I met him at college," answered Kitty.

Ben Mallory sank back among the soft cushions, while a look of pitiable remorse crept into his dark eyes, and the lines in his face deepened, as with age. Kitty crossed the room and gently stirred the coals in the open grate. The dying embers threw a shadow light on Ben's dark face as he watched the girl.

"May God forgive me," he murmured inaudibly. "I have broken the heart of the only creature ever given me to love. Frances, you are avenged."

Stern as for Crushing Ice.

The great and powerful ice-crushing steamers of the lakes are without exception car ferries—that is, they transport whole trains of passengers and freight cars from one terminal of a railway line to the other, thus controlling an important link where bridges would be impracticable.

These ice-challenging ferries ply the straits of Mackinac, the Detroit River and across Lake Erie from the American to the Canadian shore. They are huge, steel-shod craft weighing several thousand tons and some of them have cost more than \$350,000 each. Fitted with propellers at either end, they crumble the ice by the pressure of their bulk as though its three or four feet were but the thickness of a cardboard.

Whatever else is wanting, adventure is not lacking in the lives of the men who spend the months of snow aboard the majestic monsters which are to the lake tracks what the snowplows are to the railroad lines. A few winters since, with a thermometer ranging from 18 to 30 degrees below zero, one of the car ferries was caught in an immense ice field on Lake Erie and floated around for a few months with a great mass of ice piled mountains high around her. A portion of the crew was, of course, obliged to remain aboard and each day a couple of the men made an attempt—not always successful—to go ashore in order to secure provisions and supplies. Oftentimes this meant a long, dreary trip across the ice, and frequently, when a yawning chasm of dark-hued water intervened between the shore and the edge of the icefield, the foragers were not able to return to their imprisoned comrades for intervals of several days.

—Self-Culture.

Receives a "Flower of Hell."

E. C. Downey, an attorney of Chubbuck, Ind., who spent many months in Central America, has recently received from a friend in Guatemala one of the most wonderful species of flowers known to mankind. It is called the "rose of hell" and grows only in the vicinity of Antigua, near the crater of the volcano of Fuego. It is looked upon by the native Indians with a superstitious dread and is named the "rose of hell" because it thrives better near the steaming Fuego than away from it.

The Indians regard the crater of Fuego as the doorway of the infernal regions and this flower as being produced by the evil spirits associated with the demons of the sulphurous elms where the souls of the sinful all go.

The flower is very deadly and when boiled into a liquid and given to any animal death rapidly follows without pain, as quiet and peaceful as sleep. Science does not record another instance where this wonderful flower is found except in Guatemala, and the only place it is found in that country is near the doorway of the famous Fuego volcano. Several universities of this country will send after specimens of the rare flower and use it for experiments and demonstration to the classes in botany.

Gift of Stationery to Soldiers.

A London firm recently sent 100,000 packets of stationery as a gift to South African soldiers.

Sometimes a man starts out to be a social lion and ends by making a goose of himself.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

"Papa," asked Tommie, "is it cowardly to strike something littler than you, that can't defend itself?"

"It is, indeed," replied the father.

"Well, I don't know," reflected Tommie; "I don't see how we could light the gas without striking a match."

Children of Many Nations.



AMERICAN.

My flag of silk I owe to the Jap.
To the Eskimo my sealskin cap.
My palm leaf fan grew on Java's trees.
For crackers and rockets I thank the Chinese,
The Indian's land and my own are one.
Which boy do you think has the most fun?



JAPANESE.

I am a jolly, jolly, little Jap.
Hear my little shoes go clap, clap, clap.
When I go to school I leave them at the door.
Then down I sit on a mat on the floor.
I use these chopsticks when it's time to dine.
A silk gown I wear when I'm dressed up fine.



INDIAN.

An Indian "brave" I surely shall be.
But now I'm a baby tied to a tree.
"Be a good papoose," my mother will say,
"And the birdies will sing to you all day."
Then I watch the clouds in the far blue sky;
I am going to catch one by and by.



AFRICAN.

From a leaf of palm was woven my hat,
I eat my supper on a palm-leaf mat.
The food that I eat the palm trees give.
Now what is my name and where do I live?

Five Cents' Worth of Travel.

We know a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in that respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the money foolishly, he carefully treasures it in a small iron box, which he calls his safe. One day, after earning 5 cents, he dropped them into the box in the presence of a companion of about his own age, and exclaimed: "There goes 5 cents' worth of travel!"

"What do you mean?" asked the other boy. "How can you travel on 5 cents?"

"Five cents will carry me a mile and half on the railroad. I want to see Niagara Falls before I die. I am nearly four hundred miles from there now, but every 5 cents I earn will bring me nearer, and a great many other places that are worth seeing. I know it takes money to travel, but money is money, be it ever so little. If I do not save the little, I shall never have the much."

Some boys squander every year the cost of a coveted trip to some point of interest. Let them remember that every 5 cents saved means a mile and a half of the journey. Small amounts carefully kept will foot up surprising results at the end of the year, and almost every doctor will testify that 5 cents' worth of travel is better for the

health of the boy than 5 cents' worth of sweets.—Edward Foster Temple.

The Fastest Growing Lily on Record. Capt. S. R. Vaughn, of Philadelphia, has a plant that grows at the rate of nine inches every twenty-four hours. This remarkable bit of vegetation is called the "Snake Lily," and came from Cochinchina. When it arrived in America it was simply an ugly looking bulb, resembling a huge Indian turnip. It lay nearly all winter in a dark closet, but with the approach of spring began to manifest signs of life. It was taken from its resting place and put in a peach basket, with nothing about it but some newspapers. Very soon a mottled green stalk pushed out of the bulb, and in a few days had reached a height of eight feet. Of this height the blossom, which was a beautiful dark maroon color, comprised four feet. After the blossom had withered and died the bulb was planted, and from it grew a nest of great umbrella-like leaves, which reached their maturity in July and August. In September the leaves perished and left nothing but a new fat bulb. This was stored away in a dark place, and again in the spring the bulb is brought to light to pass through its time of flower and growth.

Wanted to See Him. "If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommie, you will see the bogie man to-night."

Tommie (after a moment's thought)—Well, give me some more. I might as well settle my mind about the truth of the story once for all.

BRUIN PRESSED THE BUTTON.

Sylvan Scene Strangely Produced in the Black Woods of Maine. John H. Lewis, of this city, says the Boston Globe, a photographer, who spends his summers in the region around Moosehead lake, has developed what is probably the only picture ever taken by a black bear, for bruin really did take the picture. He held the camera, focused the thing, and pressed the button. He held the camera wrong side up, however, and his paws must have shaken from the looks of the print.

Last August a party of six friends from Plainfield, N. J., passed a fortnight in camp on the upper west branch, occupying the log cabins at Sears High Landing, so called. In so large a party there was considerable refuse food, and this was dumped about a mile from the camp in the woods. The garbage pile failed to grow, and the campers were at a loss to account for its disappearance. Finally one of the men made up his mind to go to the scene and watch for the animal that came around regularly every day to feed on the crusts of the table. He went to the point one morning and sat in the bushes and waited. Soon he heard a noise, and in a minute or so a big black bear appeared. Then came another, and finally a third. They ate all of the garbage and then went away.

The Plainfield man conceived a desire to photograph the animals. He put up a job with the cook, and the next morning a good half bushel of truck was scattered for the benefit of the bears.

The camera man loaded and cocked his machine, sought a favorite spot and waited. He had not waited long before two bears lumbered out of the woods and went to work cleaning up the potato peelings, bacon rinds, etc. The man watched the brutes for a while, and then, slipping from behind a tree, tiptoed toward the animals, holding the camera in such a position that he could press the button when the bears saw him approaching. When within twenty feet of the animals they scented him and turned in his direction.

The New Jersey man forgot what he was there for. He dropped the camera and lit out for camp. When he returned he was accompanied by all the guides and their rifles. The bears were gone, but the camera was lying on the ground, not where he left it, but a dozen feet or more away.

The machine showed plainly the marks of the claws of the bear, and that an exposure had been made. It was generally thought that the dropping of the camera had done the trick, but the film, when developed by Mr. Lewis a few days ago, showed a wood scene that could have been taken only from quite an elevation.

Traveling German Students. German students are returning to the medieval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this spring 1,500 of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. On the way they will fraternize with the Roumanian university students, who are preparing a big "fruhshoppen" for them in Bucharest.

Couldn't Just Remember. "Do you see this string around my finger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it a shoe lace or a corset lace?"

"Looks like a black corset lace, sir."

"Then it's a corset she wants me to get her. She tied it around my finger this morning and told me to either bring home a pair of shoes or a corset, I can't remember which. But now you have solved the question."

Greater London.

The population of greater London is more than six and a half millions, of which but four and a half millions are accredited to inner London, and about two millions to the outer ring. The whole area is equal to a circle having a radius of nearly fifteen miles.

Large bodies move slowly—also small bodies when called to get up in the morning.

Encouragement after censure is the sun after a shower.

CAUSE OF RELIGION.

HOW ENGLAND'S CHURCH ARMY IS CONDUCTED.

Its Founder Plays the Trombone and Conveys Impressive Lessons by Means of Magic Lanterns—Exhibition's Successful Work Reclaiming Criminals.

Next to the Salvation Army and closely akin to it is the Church Army, which is an ally of the dignified and somewhat haughty Church of England. Its founder is Rev. Wilson Carlile, who eight years ago was a poor London curate. He is poor enough still, for that matter, but the Church Army has grown until now it has an income of \$700,000 a year and a working staff of more than 1,000 people. It has been



REV. WILSON CARLILE.

recognized by the Queen and Indorsed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Rev. Mr. Carlile is known in England as the man with the trombone. He has played that instrument in the streets, in saloons and in dance halls and has had it pretty badly battered in many an encounter with toughs. Once, after an encounter with a rowdy, he was laid up for six months.

The headquarters of the Church Army are in Edgware road in Hyde Park, London, and here a large force of employees are constantly at work. One of the most important things performed by the army is the work in prisons and poorhouses and the system of "working homes." The Church Army has official permission to get at the prisoners, and the additional concession that no prison official need be present during the interviews with the prisoners.

In the course of these interviews the prisoner is told, not how wicked and irredeemable he is, but what a mistake he has made in adopting a life of idle-



CHURCH ARMY BAND PRACTICING.

ness and worry instead of one of thrift and content. If he realizes the truth of this, they ask him if he would like to earn an honest living after he comes out of prison. If, after all their efforts, he doesn't, he is let alone, but if he does the Church Army receives him, when his term expires, into one of its working homes, of which there are 102 in Great Britain.

When a man enters the home he begins to chop firewood and to draw salary at the rate of about \$2.50 a week. For his board—four meals a day—and lodging they charge him \$1.50, he gets 25 cents for pocket money, and the rest is banked for him. Religion is not pressed upon him too sharply; he attends morning and evening prayer, but when work is done he can smoke and play checkers or dominoes.

The first thing aimed at is that these "homes" should be as much like a home as possible. The man and woman in charge of them are called the "mother" and "father," and no more than twenty-five "lodgers" are permitted in each, for the reason that it is possible, if the number is limited in this way, to know each man.

There are homes for men, for women and for boys; there is also a "first offender's home." Four months is the limit of stay in the homes, and the Army has a shrewd scheme for making the lodger less loath to leave. For the first month he gets full pay, the following month his salary is decreased ever so slightly, the third month a little more; so that by the time the man's time is up he himself feels inclined to get out and better himself. The Army finds positions for most of them.

Last year the Church Army passed through their homes over 1,200 wretch-

ed creatures and reported that, from actual research up to a period of six months after, their efforts had been successful in 58 per cent. of the cases. In that year they paid to men and women for labor done \$80,000 and sold the products of that labor—mostly firewood—for \$115,000. The profits went to pay the expenses of the homes.

Probably the branch of the Church Army's work that comes next in significance is their training of men as evangelists, poorhouse and prison workers and the women as mission nurses. Last year they trained 1,400 of them. The men, when trained, are at the disposal of the Church of England.

Magic-Lantern Teaching.

The army owns sixty-eight vans, and evangelists tour the country in them, living like gypsies and preaching at every stopping place. The training of their "workers" includes a season in one of these vans. Other bodies of evangelists travel about, living in tents, and giving magic lantern lectures on religious subjects gratis.

In fact, magic-lantern teaching is the Church Army's long suit. Its founder experimented with it in his church and developed it on novel lines, saw great possibilities in it and spent a lot of time in thinking out new uses for it. Now the Church Army has on hand 140,000 lantern slides, manufactured by themselves, 40,000 of which are always "out," being used by vicars all over England. In the magic-lantern department, too, is a delightful old lady who writes sermons and plans for their illustration by magic lantern when the necessary slides are made, so that a clergyman can step in and buy a sermon, all written and illustrated, for a trifle.

The commander-in-chief of the Church Army has the queerest church congregation and service in all London. It is situated in Love lane. A nobleman who has watched Mr. Carlile's famous crusade in the moral cess pools of Westminster, where the founder, then only a sprig of a curate, risked his life daily, gave this living to him as a sinecure. It was a sinecure, for although there were scores of people round him, none of them ever came to the church.

Now, if you run down there just after sunrise on Sunday morning, you will find a large number of men and women waiting just as they do at the door of the "pit" at the different theaters. Mr. Carlile holds fourteen services each Sunday. He throws the entire prayer book morning service on the magic lantern screen, and the words of every hymn. He plays on his trombone. He exhorts. He sings. He makes things generally lively in the pulpit.

Before the evening prayer service he dons his surplice and cassock, marshals his band and his choir, takes his trusty trombone and sallies out into the street. The reverend gentleman leads this star tling procession, playing on his trombone, and it marches down King Will-

iam street, and then circles round and round the monument as Joshua marched his army round Jericho. Naturally a crowd follows Mr. Carlile and his band, and there is plenty to cause interest. It is not unusual for the zealous and unconventional leader to desert his followers, dive into the nearest saloon and reappear dragging after him two or three of the sons of rest, who had foregathered there. Thus, by the time that the procession has regained its home it is surrounded by a dense and motley crowd. The church is packed from cellar to garret. Polite people sneer at it, but it wins.

Fable by Uncle Eli.

A woodman who was passing through the forest came upon a bear who was rolling over and over on the ground and uttering the most dismal complaints. Bruin had one eye closed, and was covered from head to heels with lumps and knobs and knots.

"What cheer?" gayly cried the woodman, as he drew near.

"Bees!" moaned the bear.

"But nature gave you a coat of fur 'to protect you from the stings of bees.'"

"So she did," answered the bear, "but she also made me fool enough to wait honey just the same when I was shedding my coat, and every sting would lift me a foot high."

MORAL:

None of us is ever satisfied with a good thing.—New York Sun.

There are some women who always use the same kind of judgment in allowing a poor steak to be passed off on them that they exercised years ago in selecting a husband.

The best dentist hurts.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance.....\$1 50
Six Months, ".....1 00
Three Months, ".....50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues.
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900.

The action of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in voting unanimously to declare the seat of William A. Clark of Montana vacant, settles Mr. Clark's ambition to represent his State in the United States Senate.

There is gloom in London. The past week has been replete with reverses to British arms in South Africa. The British empire has been forced to put forth its utmost strength against the embittered Dutch farmers, and with a mighty army of 200,000 trained soldiers, commanded by Lord Roberts, England's greatest military leader, has been unable thus far to reach the Boer territory. Should England succeed, it will be at a cost of blood and treasure fearful to contemplate.

The charge made by the San Francisco Examiner in big type, under flaring headlines, that the Republican leaders were to receive a contribution to the Republican campaign fund from the Trusts of over \$6,000,000, turns out, like most Examiner sensations, to have been a fake manufactured for political purposes.

During the debate on the Porto Rico bill in the House on Wednesday, Mr. Babcock of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, denounced the charge as absolutely without foundation.

The Porto Rico bill with the Senate amendments passed the House on Wednesday, having a majority of eight votes. As the bill originally passed the House, it was short and simple, imposing 15 per cent of the Dingley rates on goods going into Porto Rico from the United States and coming from Porto Rico into the United States. As amended and passed, all restrictions on goods coming into the United States are removed, and certain food stuffs are exempted from the 15 per cent on goods entering the island from the United States. In short, the bill simply provides revenue for Porto Rico's needs without resort to direct taxation. A complete scheme of civil government is also provided for the island by the measure.

The problems arising out of our recent territorial expansion will require time and patience for their successful solution, but we feel confident they will all be eventually settled in a manner to promote the best interests of the people of the United States and the inhabitants of our newly acquired territory as well.

Colonel William Jennings Bryan has declined to discuss Admiral Dewey. Instead of discussing Dewey, the great and only Democratic leader, has issued a declaration which should not only settle the gallant Admiral, but all other would-be rivals and aspirants for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

Col. Bryan is in the fight to stay and "proposes to fight it out on this line if it takes fifty years."

Col. Bryan has just completed a political tour of the Pacific Coast, covering the country from Seattle to San Diego, and in closing his campaign at San Bernardino on the 10th inst. announced his steadfast patriotic purpose in the following unmistakable language: "I am glad to be introduced to this audience by a Democrat who voted for Andrew Jackson. If I live to be as old as the distinguished gentleman who has introduced me to you, I have fifty years of fight before me yet. I hope it will not take that long to get the Government back to its old foundation, but so far as I am concerned, I did not enter the fight for one campaign."

The Colonel has enlisted as a Presidential candidate for life or during the war and will accept death or victory only as his final muster out.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Dewey is a good sailor but he will find lots of rocks, reefs and sand-bars in the sea of politics.—San Jose Herald.

General Miles is also said to be willing. The Democratic war-horses are coming to the front.—San Jose Herald.

If Mrs. Dewey undertakes to build the Democratic platform, she will be sure to hammer her thumb.—San Jose Herald.

Minister Wu Ting-Fang, and the other Chinese diplomats who are thinking of breaking down the exclusion policy, may just as well understand that they cannot succeed. The American people know that the question at issue is whether the Pacific Slope shall be the home of the white or the yellow race, and the white race is not ready to retire.—S. F. Examiner.

Combining with Populists in '96 helped materially to kill the latter-day Democracy then. It won't this time, of course, because there has been no resurrection. It'll simply be a reburial of the dead.—Marysville Appeal.

The Boers appear to have turned the Bloemfontein waterworks into a laager. Who said the day of miracles was past?—Marysville Appeal.

Admiral Dewey says that Presidential candidates do not make platforms. Col. Bryan is a living refutation of that statement.—Marysville Appeal.

Admiral Dewey is up to his old tricks again. At Manila he caught the Spanish in their pajamas and now he has thrown a shell into the Bryanite camp with just as short notice.—Omaha Bee.

Colonel Bryan declines to be interviewed on the subject of Admiral Dewey's candidacy for the presidency. The colonel evidently believes that the army should not pass comment upon the navy.—Omaha Bee.

Admiral Dewey emphatically denies the report that he has drawn out of the Presidential race. Wouldn't it be as well for the gallant old sailor first to furnish some proof that he has ever been in it?—S. F. Bulletin.

One of the first battles of the South African war was that fought six months ago at Elandslaagte. Today the British camp at that spot is being bombarded by Boer guns. If anything like that had happened to our generals in Cuba what wouldn't the great American public have done to them?—S. F. Bulletin.

Everybody will be sorry for Dewey if he really gets into the political tideway. He will find it very different from deep sea cruising. He will find breakers ahead and abeam. The eddies and cross currents will swing his head to starboard and port. His wheel ropes will get foul and the first thing he knows he will be on the rocks with his back broken. And it won't help him a bit to hoist a petticoat as a signal of distress. The political wreckers will ignore it.—San Jose Herald.

So far as the effect of Dewey's candidacy upon the Democratic campaign is concerned, it may have a certain congruity. If there is an element of absurdity in it, it must be remembered that Democracy itself is absurd nowadays on national issues. If Don Quixote could be resurrected he would make an ideal Democratic candidate in a windmill campaign. To be sure, Bryan is not a bad substitute, except that he works the windmill instead of fighting it. But it is really too bad to take Dewey from the bridge of the Olympia and mount him on a Democratic Rosinante.—San Jose Herald.

PRESS NOTES.

AN IRRIGATION APPROPRIATION.

Congress Grows Generous—Successful Efforts of Western Senators and Congressmen.

Demands from all over the country for information as to water supply and for irrigation investigation and surveys have been so great that the modest appropriation made by last Congress to the Geological Survey for this purpose has been exhausted long before the end of the fiscal year, and such work has been brought to a standstill. But now, in one of its gentler moods, Congress after considerable persuasion on the part of the western legislators and after several attempts to throw it out, has made a deficiency appropriation of \$20,000 to be immediately available for carrying on this work till June 30, 1900.

Senator Bard introduced the amendment and along with Senator Carter and other western friends of irrigation in the Senate, urged its adoption. Senator Perkins, being on the committee having the bill in charge, was in a position to assist materially. In the House, Congressmen Needham and Kahn worked hard. Anything pertaining to irrigation which is out of the ordinary, has a difficult time of it in getting through the House, where western representation is so comparatively slight.—Selected.

NATIONAL IRRIGATION.

Throughout the entire arid region the plan to construct storage reservoirs, to be under government control, to be used for the storage of flood-waters for irrigation is almost universally endorsed. There is no more important question now before western Senators and Representatives than the reclamation of the arid west through this

means, nor no project to which they could devote themselves with more profit and upon which they could combine every force with more certain and general support from their varied constituencies. Will these constituencies demand such action on the part of every representative sent to the national Congress? The question after all always rests with the man who casts the vote, if he will but keep the fact in mind.—Selected.

Your chance to get ahead is to stop paying rent and own your own home, but don't buy a five room cottage with bath on Grand Avenue. Swell, new, modern, sunny, free from dampness, at your own terms.
* E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

A MEMORY OF BROOK FARM.

Hawthorne in a Pillow Fight With Two Girls.

I do not recollect Hawthorne's talking much at the table, says Mrs. Ora Gannett Sedgwick in The Atlantic in "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm." Indeed he was a very taciturn man. One day, tired of seeing him sitting immovable on the sofa in the hall, as I was learning some verses to recite at the evening class for recitation formed by Charles A. Dana, I darily took my book, pushed it into his hands and said, "Will you hear my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

He was one evening alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate, Ellen Slade, and myself were going up-stairs. She whispered to me, "Let's throw the sofa pillows at Mr. Hawthorne." Reaching over the banisters, we each took a cushion and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, waved off our cushions and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them at him he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could hit only the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements. Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars with laughter. Wonderful eyes they were, and when anything witty was said I always looked quickly at Mr. Hawthorne, for his dark eyes lighted up as if flames were suddenly kindled behind them, and then the smile came down to his lips.

We laughed merrily and went off to bed, vanquished, without a word. I suppose Mr. Hawthorne's face must have worn that wonderful smile, which always seemed suddenly kindled behind his eyes, twinkled there for a second and then ran swiftly over his intensely grave face.

WOOD PULP POULTICES.

Their Ready Application Is Only One of Their Many Advantages.

A United States naval surgeon advocates the substitution of wood pulp sheets for flaxseed meal, etc., in making poultices. He cuts a sheet of the pulp to a size approximate to the surface to be covered, soaks the sheet in hot water until it has become thoroughly softened, then wrings it out very lightly and applies. The wood pulp sheet will absorb and hold from four to five times its weight of water and, since heat and moisture are the desiderata in poultices, this furnishes them in simple, cleanly form. No cloths are needed, no cooking, no stirring and spreading on cloth—just a soaking in hot water. And the nicest part is the total absence of the mess inevitable in making flaxseed meal poultices, although there is, too, a great economy of time and trouble. It is sometimes advisable to put a piece of oiled muslin over the sheet to help retain the heat and moisture.

When the poultice begins to get cold, take it off, wring out the water and soak it again in hot water, and so on indefinitely. The surgeon has used the same sheet of pulp wood for two days' poulticing, in the hands of an ignorant man at that, his instructions to him being "to soak the plaster in hot water whenever it got cold and put it on again." By the way, every physician who has had the annoyance and trouble of being compelled to leave the all important matter of poulticing to an ignorant person will appreciate a way that will allow no loophole for mistakes and failures.—Philadelphia Record.

Curious Historical Document.

The charter in which the church was first granted tithes in England is a curious historical document. A literal translation follows: "I, Ethelwulf, by the grace of God, King of the West Saxons with the advice of the Bishops, Earls and all persons of distinction in my dominions, have, for the health of my soul, the good of my people, and the prosperity of my kingdom, taken the honorable resolution of granting the tenth part of the lands throughout my whole kingdom to the Church and Ministers of religion, to be enjoyed by them, with all the privilege of a free tenure, and discharged from all the incumbrances incident to lay-fiefs. This grant has been made by us in honour of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and all Saints, and out of regard to the Pascal solemnity, and that Almighty God might vouchsafe his blessings on us and on our posterity. Dated at Wilton, Ann. Dom. 854, at the Feast of Easter."

The Widow's Advantage.

Grimes—The chances are in favor of a widow marrying again against a single woman getting a husband.
Burns—That is because a widow is content to regard men as pretty much all alike, while a single woman wastes her time trying to find one who is different from all others.—Boston Transcript.

A RAZORBACK HUNT.

ROUNDING UP THE HOGS IS LIVELY AND EXCITING WORK.

The Experience of One Rancher Who, Instead of Doing His Butchering Out in the Hills, Attempted to Drive His Hogs to Market.

While it is generally accounted that the sheep and Angora goat furnish most of the revenues to the rancher in the broken and wooded country south of the Staked plains and west of the Colorado river, it is nevertheless a fact that the razorback hog contributes a full share. Probably there is no country anywhere better adapted to the production of cheap pork. The hills are covered with cedar and a great variety of scrub oak trees, and the canyons and river valleys are heavily wooded with pecan and Spanish walnut, so that there is always an abundance of excellent mast, and it might be mentioned that the cedar berries are considered equal to corn in lard producing qualities.

With this sort of feed, which is always abundant, the expense of care and feeding is removed, the animals simply running at large over the country, so that the only outlay required is that of the first cost of a few head for a start. Running loose in this way they are not subject to the diseases common to the hog in the sty or feed lot, and, being excellent fighters, they hold their own with the wolves and other wild animals which prey on the sheep and goats. Thus they multiply very rapidly.

In order to get the benefit of the increase in his stock, however, it is necessary for the rancher to get his mark on the pigs. As this, owing to the roughness of the country and the wildness of the hogs, is no small task, it is generally the custom for all the hog owners in a given section to turn out together with their dogs and practically "round up" the range.

Compared with one of these "hog hunts" a cattle "round up" is a quiet and commonplace affair. On the morning appointed the dogs are turned loose and started out on a hog trail, and the men ride after them just as on a wolf chase. As the pigs cannot hold out very long one of them is soon caught, and his squeals bring back the rest of the bunch to his aid. As soon as the pig is free the sows form a circle around the pigs, from which they now and then dash out at their tormentors and all the while grunting like the rattling of a hundred old wagons. By the time the uproar has reached its full height the hunters ride up and hiss the dogs on to seize the sows. When one is caught, two men go to the assistance of the dog, one with a club to beat off the other hogs, the other with a bit of rope to tie the one seized. When all of them have thus been put out of the way of fighting, the pigs are caught and marked. Then the sows are given their liberty, and the dogs start out on a new trail. When it happens that there are hogs belonging to several different men, the pigs are simply divided.

While the work of "marking" is more like sport than labor it is not less exciting than that of getting the hogs ready for market, for as it is impossible to drive them any distance—even to the corrals at the ranches—it is necessary simply to butcher them out in the hills.

So long in the early part of the winter, after the new mast has fallen and the hogs are as fat as they will get, the ranchers load their wagons with salt, grub, kettles and lard cans, take their dogs and Winchester and strike out for the hills. They make camp near some spring or water hole and then begin the work of "killing," which includes the rendering of the lard and salting of the meat. It is like a great hunt. Whenever a wagon load of lard and meat has been put up it is taken to the nearest ranch and left there until the "killing" season is over; then it is loaded again and freighted to the nearest railroad point, where it is sold at the market price.

It is said that only one man in that country ever tried driving his hogs to market. That was "Uncle" Ben Pepper, who lives a few miles above Junction City, on the South Llano river. He had, he supposed, about 300 head of fat hogs, and the idea of that "killing" worried him. So he hired all the men in the country, got all the dogs in Kimble and Edwards counties and "rounded up" all the hogs to be found. It was, of course, impossible to keep the herd together, and as it scattered Ben ordered his men to separate a little and keep moving toward Kerrville.

At noon on the fourth day the line was within half a mile of the Guadalupe river, the men were half a mile apart and every dog worn out. Then Ben decided that he would like to know how many hogs he had, as after passing the Guadalupe it would be impossible to see them in the open again. So he ordered the ends of the line to swing in and close up toward the river. It was nearly sunset when the circle was completed, and he climbed into a tall pecan so as to get a better view of the hogs when they should come swarming out into the river. He watched intently until night was falling; then he saw a lean, old sow emerge from the bushes and go down to drink, and a moment later the drivers began coming out. He nearly fell out of the tree. He has never tried driving since.—Kansas City Journal.

The Wit Mr. Beecher Kept In.

In the early days of Mr. Beecher's career, when wit was unknown in the pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think such frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness. He listened patiently, and when they finished he said, "Brethren, if you only knew how many funny things I keep in you wouldn't complain about the few I let out."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Tonic Needless.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—John, dear, while you're down town I wish you'd just call and pay the milliner—\$17 the bill is, but if you give her \$10—

Mr. Hohmboddie—I'd rather settle it in full.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Well, but I want you to bring me six yards of that lovely stuff from Matchem's—I'll get you the pattern—and that will take the other \$7. Then I'll just make a memorandum of the trimmings, that will be about \$3 more, and if you love me you know the kind of gloves I want. You've bought them often enough. Now, dear boy, you won't forget?

Mr. Hohmboddie—No, I'll remember; and, by the way, I'll take my tonic bottle along and get it renewed. I've felt quite run down of late.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Your tonic? Why, that costs \$1.50! It seems just like throwing money in the street to pay for medicine. Don't you think you could get along without it?—Judge.

Barnum's Excuse.

P. T. Barnum's propensity for practical joking began early to assert itself. Once a man was on trial in a local court for a small misdemeanor. Learning that he had no money to hire a lawyer, Barnum offered to conduct his defense. With great solemnity he made a lengthy plea in which he virtually accused his client of being guilty of half the crimes on the calendar, ending with a recommendation to the mercy of the court on the ground of unsound mind.

The man, though escaping with a merely nominal sentence, was furious at the trick that had been played on him. He was finally appeased by Barnum's explanation that he had prepared a defense for two different clients and had in his case delivered the wrong plea.—Maitland Leroy Osborne in National Magazine.

Dangerous Eggs.

A young clerk received instructions from the proprietor of a produce house in Front street some days ago to put into a case of eggs a card marked "Quarantined."

The proprietor thought no more about the matter until later in the day, when he was called to the phone by the purchaser.

"I don't want these eggs," he said. "What is the matter with them?"

"They are marked 'Quarantined' and are too suggestive of disease."

It developed later that the clerk had written "Quarantined" instead of "Guaranteed."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Neighborhood Humorous.

"Yesterday I met George as I got on the car and I said, 'Hello, George, how're you getting on?' Then he said, 'I ain't getting on, I'm getting off.'"

"Well?"

"Today I met him as I was getting off the car and I said, 'Hello, George, how're you getting on?' Then he said, 'I ain't getting on at all, I'm putting my mother-in-law on.'"—Chicago Record.

Not a Bribe.

"You say," pursued the chairman of the legislative investigating committee, "that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the campaign, so far as you know?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness; "that is what I said."

"Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars?"

"Yes, sir, but them cigars wasn't bribes. Here's one of 'em. You can try it."—Chicago Tribune.

W. B. GILMAN P. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,
Restaurant
and Boarding.

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS
Tanfaran Park,
South San Francisco, Cal.
Western Turf Race Track.

THE COURT.

CHOICEST
Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.
Grand Avenue, Next to F. O.
South San Francisco, Cal.

BOOTS & SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.
All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and
Repairing neatly done.
P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.
GRAND AVE. South San Francisco.

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HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND **HOME of New York**

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT IPOSTOFFICE,
Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Light frost Monday morning. Advertisers in your home paper. Cavanaugh cottage commenced. Get a home and stop paying rent. Wanted.—More workmen to own homes.

H. P. Tyson of San Francisco was in town Sunday.

Mr. G. W. Bennett of Alameda was in town Sunday.

Easter services at Grace Mission Sunday 11 a. m.

The Sentinels of the Universe will give a ball on the 28th inst.

The Western Meat Company is making shipments to Cape Nome.

Subscribers for the Enterprise and send it to your friend in the East.

Contractor Bratcher has the frame up for the Cavanaugh cottage on Grand avenue.

A new time card on the S. P. Coast Division Railroad goes into effect tomorrow.

For fire insurance in first-class companies, apply to E. E. Cunningham at the Postoffice building.

The light frost of Sunday night and Monday morning did not do any damage in the gardens here.

John and Will Gindorf of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cunningham on Sunday.

The ball given at McCuen's hall, on Saturday last, by the South San Francisco brass band, was a most pleasant and entirely successful affair.

D. M. Delmas has been employed by the Citizens' Committee to assist District Attorney Campbell of Santa Clara county in the prosecution of the Palo Alto abductors.

Discrepancies and errors have been found in the lines of the original surveys of the town of San Mateo, which the Board of Town Trustees are wisely endeavoring to have hunted out and settled.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

An unknown drunken loafer broke a large glass in one of the front windows of Rogers and Hawes' saloon early Sunday morning and managed to get away and out of town before he could be arrested.

Thomas Shine, an old resident of his county, was buried from Mount Carmel Catholic Church on Friday, April 6th. He was one of the pioneer lumbermen of San Mateo county and had resided at Woodside since 1856.

For the price you are paying in monthly rent, you can own your own home. Don't be a clam, but have a five-room cottage, with bath, modern, new, sunny; free from dampness, on Grand avenue.

E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

Redwood City elected on Monday last the following ticket: Trustees, W. W. Beeson, James V. Swift, Ed. Hanson and George Winters. Town Marshal, John Christ; Treasurer, L. P. Behrens; and Clerk, D. R. Stafford.

The municipal election at San Mateo on Monday resulted as follows: Trustees, Duncan Hayne, James P. Brown and H. H. Taylor. Marshal, James R. Wallace. Treasurer, J. H. Doane, and Clerk R. H. Jury. The total vote indicates an increase during the past year of 200 in the population of the beautiful city of suburban homes.

If you take advice sometimes, also take a five-room cottage with bath, on suitable terms, on Grand avenue. New, modern, sunny; free from dampness. Don't pay any more rent.

E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

On Monday John Fitzgerald appeared for trial in the Superior Court charged with the murder of John Lennon, near Holy Cross Cemetery, on last Christmas eve. The defendant's counsel filed an affidavit and moved for a change of venue upon the alleged ground that the defendant could not secure a fair and impartial trial in this county by reason of the prejudice of some of the residents of the county and of Judge Buck and Sheriff Mansfield. Counter affidavits of prominent citizens of the county were offered by District Attorney Bullock. Judge Buck denied the motion for a change of venue, but stated that he would call in another Judge to sit in the trial of the case. The trial will be resumed next Monday.

We take pleasure in mentioning as a matter of local interest to our readers that the Whittier Ray Co. of San Francisco will, at an early day, issue a small volume entitled "Toil." The book will be an answer to "The Man With the Hoe" and will be illustrated by the portraits of men who have risen from the humblest walks of life to the highest positions. The fact which will interest our readers is that the author is none other than Mr. Daniel Florence Leary, an employee at the Fuller Works and a contributor to the columns of The Enterprise. Mr. Leary is a graceful as well as forceful writer, whose heart is in his work, and proud to be counted as one of the honest toilers of this free country and busy age. We shall surely secure a number of volumes of the first edition that our readers may have an opportunity to read this first fruit from the pen of our local singer.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Lessons in dancing every Tuesday and Friday evenings at Armour Pavilion. Admission 25 cents.

R. O. Thurman.

TRACK NOTES.

The Jennings stable left by rail on Monday for the East.

The Corrigan stable experienced a disastrous day on Monday at Tanforan.

The favorites were not in the running at Tanforan Monday. Five were beaten outright and the sixth (Sardonic) was disqualified by the judges for swerving into Tappan on the home stretch.

A large number of trees were planted at Tanforan Park during the past week and the work of improvement will continue until the park is made one of the most beautiful pleasure resorts on the Pacific Coast or elsewhere.

Tuesday came very nearly being a repetition of Monday's racing at Tanforan so far as the calculations of the talent were concerned. Three long shots won in the first four events. Castastrophe won and was the first favorite to win at this meeting.

It turns out that the Chicago dispatch to a San Francisco morning paper to the effect that Mr. Corrigan had given up his English trip, was a fake of the first water. Mr. Corrigan says there is not a word of truth in the dispatch; that over sixty days ago he had secured passage on the steamer Minneapolis which will sail on May 26, for himself, his wife and ten of his flyers.

On the back stretch at Tanforan race-track, W. Margrave has had erected a headstone above the old horse Montgomery's grave. It bears the inscription "Montgomery, February 12, 1900. Faithful Friend."

Charley Thorpe was at the track Tuesday for the first time since his accident.

Arbaces came out of his last race lame and will not start again this season.

The season will come to a close at Tanforan a week from next Friday.

Racing will resume at Oakland on Saturday instead of Monday. The Tanforan track opened in November on a Saturday and it will close on a Friday, so as to give Oakland an even break on the Saturdays.

The driveway around the track at Tanforan has been completed.

The departure of several large stables for the East has caused no scarcity of horses. There were more horses at Tanforan on Tuesday and Wednesday than at any time during the season.

Some five hundred trees were planted last week on the bank of the track at the first turn, which will in time make a splendid windbreak. The stumps of trees which were left in the field grounds are being blown out and removed.

Mr. Allen, superintendent of construction at Tanforan racetrack, has secured the contract for building a church at Los Angeles and expects to commence work upon the same at an early day.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

The Dangerous End.

An Ass once enveloped himself in a Lion's Skin, hoping that he would thereby Escape Annoyance from the Rest of the Brute Creation.

But seeing a Tiger approaching, and fearing his inability to look as fierce as his Assumed Character required, he at once turned his back toward the Tiger and remained Motionless.

"Ah!" said the Tiger to himself, "for once mine ancient Enemy, the Lion, has relaxed his usual Vigilance. I'll steal upon him from Behind, and there'll be a Funeral in the morning."

But his Vicious Spring was met by the Heels of the Ass, and lo! the Tiger had Predicted his own Funeral.

Moral.—It's usually Policy to Attack the Enemy in the Rear, but there are Exceptions to every Rule. Always remember, in dealing with an Ass (human or otherwise), that the end containing his Brains is less Dangerous than the one furnished with Heels.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Versatility.

Athletic Applicant—Do you need a strong man?

Manager (of a dime museum)—No, I have one. But I'd give \$75 a week for a good living skeleton.

Athletic Applicant—All right. I can train down to it in a month.—Chicago Tribune.

His Point of View.

She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses.

He—Yes, and they probably would if, like a team of horses, they had but one tongue between them.—Chicago News.

Explosive bullets were first used in India for hunting tigers and elephants.

Did She Get the Hat?

It was a mean trick, of course, and some day she will doubtless get even with him.

She saw him take a piece of paper from his pocket, carefully fold it up, put it in an envelope and then place the envelope in one of the far corners of the drawer of the library table.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," he replied.

Now, if he had simply thrown it carelessly into the drawer she would have thought nothing of it, but the care he took to put it clear over in the far corner and the fact that he seemed ill at ease after he found that his action had been observed aroused her curiosity.

She wondered what it was, and she reasoned with herself that he had said it was "nothing of importance," so he would have nobody but himself to blame if she took a look at it. She was justified in inferring from his words that there was no reason why she should not. And this is what she read scribbled on a piece of paper:

"I'll bet you a new hat your curiosity will not permit you to let this alone."

It was a terrible predicament in which to place a woman. How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?—Chicago Post.

Seasickness.

A stewardess, after 15 years' service on one of the transatlantic liners—and an opinion on the subject from a person in her position is undoubtedly to be respected—has this to say about seasickness: "Almost everybody is a little sick, but a great many more persons could be less sick than they are if they would only be careful for a day or two before they sail. Lots of folks going off to Europe eat big dinners and luncheons for two or three days before they start, and as soon as they get the motion of the waves they have really a bilious attack. Sometimes when the crossing is very rough and I have been a little careless in my diet I feel the motion myself, but never when I take proper care. At the slightest dizziness or nausea I stop eating anything at all for eight or ten hours, and above all I never touch tea at that time. It is the overeating usually before they come on board that makes all the trouble."—New York Post.

It Has Been Done.

"Do you suppose that any sort of cultivation can change a fruit tree into a nut tree?" asked Cawker.

"I should think not," replied Cumso.

"But see how the jokers have changed George Washington's cherry tree into a chestnut!"—Harper's Bazar.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices are steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at higher prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at higher prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: No. 1 Cows and Heifers 7@7½c. No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6½@7 thip cows, 5@6c. Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 150 lbs and under \$6.15; over 150 to 250 lbs, 5½@6c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5¼@5½c; rough heavy hogs, 4¼@5c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4¼@4½c; Ewes, 4@4½c. Shorn Sheep 3½c less. This Spring Lambs, 5@5½c live wt.

Calves—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs 4¼@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

BEER—First quality steers, 7c; second quality, 6½c; third quality, 5½@6c; first quality cows and heifers, 8c; second quality, 5½@6c; third quality, 5@5½c.

VEAL—Large, 7½@8c; small, 7¼@8½c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@8c; Ewes, 6½@7½c; This Spring Lambs, 9@10c; bulk, 9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8@9c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13½c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BACON—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 13½c; light S. C. bacon, 12½c; med. bacon, clear, 10½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 10½c; clear light, 11½c; clear ex. light bacon, 12½c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$14 50; do. hf. bbl, \$7 50; Family beef, bbl, \$13 50; hf. bbl, \$7 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 00; do. hf. bbl, \$6 75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 9½c; do. light, 9½c; do. Bellies, 10c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$19.50; hf. bbls., \$10.00; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf. bbls., \$4.50; do. kits, \$1.25.

Lard—Prices are ½ lb: Tcs. ¼-nbs. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7¼ 7½ 7¾ 8 8½ Cal. pure 9 9¼ 9½ 9¾ 9¾

In 5-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s. \$2.40; 1s \$1.40; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.40; 1s, \$1.40.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, have formed a partnership for the purpose of conducting the business of manufacturing and selling brick; that the principal place of business of said partnership is South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California; and that said partnership and business will be conducted and carried on under the name and style of "South San Francisco Brick Company," and that the names and residence of each and all of said partners are as follows, to-wit:

Guy Wyant, residing at South San Francisco, California.

Charles A. Scherlin, residing at South San Francisco, California.

Dated March 1st, 1900.

GUY WYANT, CHARLES A. SCHERLIN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SAN MATEO.

On this 17th day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred, before me, E. E. Cunningham, a Notary Public in and for said County of San Mateo, personally appeared Guy Wyant and Charles A. Scherlin, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at my office in the said County of San Mateo, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

to repair your old - - -

to paper your old to alter or enlarge your -

to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month

If so, see J. F. LYMAN, Carpenter Shop

GRAND AVENUE

HOUSE ? ?

DO YOU WANT

House Moving

Teaming

Grading

CONTRACTING.

J. G. Stout,

South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor

Table and Accommodations

The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

South San Francisco, Cal

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWRIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Geological Time.

An ingenious theory for the estimation of the time of the various geological periods has been propounded by an engineer whose work on western railroads takes him into primitive country. He says that in one great depression in Wyoming the trees have been recording the rate of erosion of the slopes for about 300 years so accurately that the data to be obtained by a careful study of them will be a factor of extreme importance in enabling scientists to convert geological time into years. While he has not yet had time to collect those data properly, he makes the rough deduction that, according to their records the pliocene and pleistocene periods would represent about 1,500,000 years, and that, on this basis, the cenozoic time would be about 4,000,000 years. This would mean that all geological time from the beginning of the Cambrian epoch would be 64,000,000 years.

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION

TANFORAN PARK

SIXTH MEETING:

April 9th to 20th, 1900, inclusive.

SIX HIGH-CLASS RUNNING RACES EVERY WEEK DAY,

Rain or Shine, Beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter racetrack of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Sts. at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 a. m., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 p. m., returning immediately after last race at 4:45 p. m. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia street cars 10 minutes later.

SAN JOSE AND WAY STATIONS—Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

RATES—San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

W. J. MARTIN, President.

F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Mgr.

United States Laundry.

Office, 1004 Market Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week.

J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA,

SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

—AT KILN PRICES—

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money. Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

WAR, THEN AND NOW.



THE OLD WAY—GETTYSBURG.



THE NEW WAY—COLENO.

LOSSES GROW LESS.

SOME LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

As Effectiveness of Weapons Increases, Fatalities in Battle Apparently Decrease—Comparison of Casualties in Some of the World's Greatest Conflicts.

The South African war has demonstrated some things about up-to-date fighting machines. One important fact brought out is that, for creating extensive cemeteries and making bloody history, the old-fashioned fighters, with their old-fashioned short-range weapons, still hold the championship. Dynamite bombs and lyddite shells, bullet-splitting machines and long-range smokeless powder guns have not feazed the world's record for carnage on a lota. The civilized nations stand aghast at the fall of a few score of officers in a single fight as though it were an unheard of thing and that science had rendered warfare too frightfully gory for it to be tolerated among human beings. Probably the almost bloodless victories of our navy at Manila Bay and Santiago have led people to look for enormous gains on a minimum of investment. These were marvelous exceptions. War means fighting, and fighting in a war worthy of the name means killing on both sides.

The effectiveness of the long range weapons used in the South African war and the mortality which is looked upon by the laymen as something excessive attract the notice of military men who have had actual experience in war. Under the regime of magazine rifles the battle usually begins at 1,500 or 1,000 yards, and may close down to 1,100 or 1,000 yards. At the latter range the fire is supposed to be very effective. Artillery is, of course, effective to break up solid lines of infantry, but it is impossible to make artillery fire effective against troops who are covered behind a height, for instance, or by the lay of the land or by smoke and trees.

Gen. Sickles said recently that he never had much faith in the effectiveness of long-range weapons, for once you teach troops that they can send a bullet a mile, it takes away their intrepidity. Napoleon III. demoralized his army by causing the soldiers to think that the long-range breechloading chassepot and the mitrailleuse would defeat the enemy. It took all the elan out of them and made them mere machines. The Germans, who, by the way, also had their breechloading, long-range rifle, the needle gun, rushed to close quarters, and the result was disastrous to the French.

Civil War Fatalities.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles said, apropos of the subject of modern improved weapons and projectiles in relation to battlefield casualties, "Losses diminish in proportion as man-killing devices progress." This is a fact, as shown by figures, and is well known to close students of warfare. Take, for instance, the Federal attack upon the Confederate stone wall at Fredericksburg in 1862. The experience of the Seventh New York (Steuben) regiment in that charge is typical. The Seventh went in after other brigades had been repulsed in front of the stone wall so that it did not receive the fierce outburst of Confederate fire, but in twenty minutes, or at the outside thirty minutes, out of twenty-five officers in the regiment ten were killed and eight wounded, and out of 450 men 240 were killed and wounded. All of these casualties came from bullets fired from the stone wall. This loss in officers killed was never exceeded but once in the whole civil war, and that was in the case of the Seventh

New Hampshire at the storming of Fort Wagner. In that affair eleven officers of this regiment were killed outright.

In the attack upon the stone wall the Seventh Regiment fought with Hancock's division. This division was brought in as a supporting column to the initial attack. It consisted of eighteen regiments, and there were nineteen regimental commanders shot down and disabled in one hour. Others were hit, but kept the field. In the brigade of Col. Caldwell, to which the Seventh Regiment belonged, there were 116 officers present, sixty-two of whom were killed or wounded. Gen. Hancock's division lost 2,020 killed and wounded out of 4,834 paper strength; that equals 42 per cent. Caldwell's brigade numbered 1,987 on paper, and lost 952 killed and wounded—that is to say, 50 per cent.

In a forlorn hope attack upon log breastworks at Petersburg in 1864 the First Maine heavy artillery carried 832 men in line and lost 632 killed and wounded in a rush that kept them under fire not to exceed seven minutes. At Gettysburg, during a crisis, the First Minnesota was called upon to charge a moving line of Confederates and capture its colors, in order to stagger the assailants, who were marching upon Federal batteries. The Confederates held their fire until the daring Yankees were close up, and 215 of the Minnesotans out of 262 were struck down upon a few square yards of earth, just at the point of contact. In the second battle of Bull Run, 1862, Duryee's zouaves stood up in front of a battery which was being mobbed by Confederate troops and left 119 dead companions stretched in regular rows around wheel ruts and trail prints on the spot where the guns had stood. The regiment numbered 470 at the beginning of the fight. The heaviest losers at the battle of Gettysburg were two opposing regiments—the Twenty-fourth Michigan and the Twenty-sixth North Carolina. They fought in the first day's battle almost man for man in the dueling contest which took place in McPherson's woods. At the end of the day nothing remained of either regiment except their flags and two pitiful squads of battle-grimed soldiers. The Michigans lost 397 out of 496, and the North Carolinas 688 out of 820.

The casualties sustained by these troops were almost entirely from musketry fire. Instances might be cited to show that, under certain circumstances, artillery fire was still more deadly during the civil war. It must be taken for granted that such was the case whenever solid bodies of troops marched up to the cannon's mouth. In Pickett's charge, when the assaulting column closed in on the Federal works, the Federal batteries stationed there in some instances used double charges of canister at ten paces; that means that the assailants who had the courage to march up to the muzzles were swept from the ground by iron hail. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., the slaughter of the Confederate columns upon the ground where the heaviest fighting took place was frightful in the extreme. Much of the execution at that fight was due to cannon fire. The Confederate army was about 40,000 strong and began the attack on the Federal fortified position at the close of a November day, probably as late as 4:30 p. m., so that there was not two hours of daylight for fighting. Only one corps of the Confederates actually closed in on the Federal works, and its strength was probably not over 15,000 men. In the battle there were 6,000 Confederates killed and wounded, among them thirteen general officers. The officers who fell were found close to the Federal breastworks, in some cases in the ditch, where they had been shot from their horses while attempting to ride over the works at the heads of their col-

umns. The scenes witnessed at the battle of Franklin have seldom been equaled during the century.

Since the Franco-Prussian war there has not been a conflict between armies equally equipped until the present. In the battles between Russia and Turkey the Turks had inferior weapons. Being fanatical fighters, like the dervishes in the Sudan, they were slaughtered by the breechloaders and dynamite shells of the foe.

To go back still farther for examples of the execution of weapons in warfare, it is interesting to look at the records of battles in the seventeenth century. In seven great battles of that era, when the masses carried muskets and pikes, the average of casualties was 26 per cent., so that each man stood but about three chances in four of escape. The casualties in the bloodiest battles run as high as 35 per cent. In this class belongs the battle of Lutzen, which proved a victory for the Swedes, but their leader, Gustavus Adolphus, was killed, and one of his regiments lay upon the ground in the order in which the men had stood while fighting. In the middle of the eighteenth century the bayonet attached to the musket superseded the pike. There were twenty-three great battles fought with smooth-bore muskets and bayonets from Fontenoy in 1745 to Waterloo in 1815. The average of casualties for this period of smooth-bore musket and bayonet fighting was about 20 per cent.

Losses Decrease.

The following fifteen battles of the muzzle-loading, bayonet period represent the martial nations of the world:

1. Blau, 1807. Loss, 26 per cent.
2. Bunker Hill, 1775. Loss, 24 per cent.
3. Stone River (Murfreesboro), 1862. Loss, 23½ per cent.
4. Marengo, 1800. Loss, 23 per cent.
5. Chickamauga, 1863. Loss, 21 per cent.
6. Antietam, 1862. Loss, 21 per cent.
7. Leipsic, 1813. Loss, 21 per cent.
8. Gettysburg, 1863. Loss, 20 per cent.
9. Shiloh, 1862. Loss, 20 per cent.
10. Land's Lane, 1814. Loss, 19 per cent.
11. Mars-la-Tour, 1870. Loss, 16 per cent.
12. Waterloo, 1815. Loss, 14 per cent.
13. Worth, 1810. Loss, 14 per cent.
14. Solferino, 1859. Loss, 12 per cent.
15. Sadova, 1866. Loss, 12 per cent.

The loss in killed and wounded at the battle of Blau is placed at 40,000 by conservative estimates. In the figures of Gettysburg given in the table, which are official, the total is little short of 30,000. The first battle belongs to the smooth-bore and the second to the rifle barrel era, and the figures show that as weapons improve casualties grow less in percentages. The average was 26 per cent. in the days of the musket and pike, 20 per cent. with the smooth-bore and bayonet, about a similar loss with the rifle barrel and bayonet, and in the Franco-Prussian war, fought with the breechloading rifle, the casualties fell below 16 per cent.

A Very Trifling Incident.

A clergyman was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?" to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride laconically; "but it was twenty years ago, and he was killed in an accident when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."—San Francisco Wave.

As soon as a man gets so old he has no more trouble with heart affairs, his liver begins to make him grief.

The individual who climbs to fame and fortune over the shoulders of others must look down on their hatred.

SEES WORLD FROM A YACHT.

Millionaire Woman Who Sails, Hunts and Scorns Society.

A millionaire sportswoman—Mrs. Charlotte D. M. Cardeza by name—sees the world as it is from the deck of a gorgeous yacht called the Eleanor. This nautical palace recently rested in a New York harbor preparatory to a trip to the Mediterranean. Its master is Mrs. Cardeza, a remarkable woman, who claims that "society is hollow."

Mrs. Cardeza is a huntress of renown. In a tour around the world she witnessed some elephant and tiger hunts. The sight so steadied her nerves that she has become a hunter of America's biggest game—the moose and caribou. In the dining-room of her beautiful home, Montebello, Germantown, Pa., are the heads of six caribou she killed with her own hands. She owns a hunting box at Mount Kineo, in Maine. There she goes deer hunting every fall, except when she is penetrating the virgin forests of Newfoundland, where the caribou grows to its largest size. At Brickly Cove, Newfoundland, last November she was one of a party that killed and brought back to the Eleanor the heads for forty-four caribou.

Mrs. Cardeza is one of the wealthiest women in America. She cares not at all for society and has a passion for travel that she gratifies to the full. She is a musician of exceptional ability. She plays and sings well, but there is no music as sweet to her ears as the pop of the rifle. She owns a home at Germantown, a cottage at Newport, has an estate in the West Indies and keeps a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria the year round, but loves best of all the rough pine lodge built by the men of the Eleanor's crew in the forest at the foot of Mount Kineo, in Maine.

ant town. The Turkish war came on and gave him the chance of his life. His chiefs in the railway department lost their heads completely under the strain of transporting troops to the front, and the result would have been disaster had he not come to their help. Witte's opportunity pointed the way to insubordination. He made his fortune by being magnificently disobedient. His chief was absent. Witte was station master pro tem. Imperial troops were being hurried by rail to Bulgaria. The war minister had issued certain orders concerning the troop trains which no station master in Russia would have dared question—none save Witte. But Witte dared to think for himself, and for the Czar. He foresaw clearly that obedience to orders would mean disaster for the troops. There was no time for consultation. He chose to disobey. It was plain that the young man had ruined himself. His friends assured him that he would soon be swallowed up in Siberia. They said he must be mad to destroy his career at a time when he was in fair way to become a full-fledged station master.

Officially, there was a great hullabaloo. The assistant station master's insubordination was investigated by important persons in resplendent uniforms. And then it broke on the official mind that the culprit had saved his Imperial Majesty's troops from destruction.

The investigation developed the fact that long before war was declared, without saying a word to anyone, Witte had quietly done what his superior ought to have done—that is, worked out the details of various schemes for the transport of an army against Turkey. This proof of foresight on his part created quite a sensation in official circles, where people

primarily to the security of passing trains. The use by them of lanterns at night and flags by day, while desirable in a small way as a measure of protection, especially at crossings, is by no means so important as the signal lights which are displayed from towers and which are regulated by telegraphic communication maintained along the line of track. Under the signal rules adopted by the American Railroad Association, the application of which is general not only throughout the United States, but in Mexico and Canada as well, a red light whenever displayed signifies danger and calls for a stop; a green light cautions and commands "Go slowly"; white indicates safety and commands "Go ahead." A blue flag by day and a blue light by night displayed at one or both ends of an engine, car or train signifies that workmen are engaged on or about it. When thus protected it must not be disturbed.

One effect of the more general use of uniform signals has been the steady reduction of the number of fatalities on American railroads, the total number of which is now considerably less than it was ten years ago, though in the meantime railroad travel has increased enormously. The total number of passengers carried on American railroads in a year is not far from 600,000,000, and the number of fatalities to passengers average less than 250, or less than one two-thousandth of 1 per cent. While the number of passengers carried is increasing, the number of accidents is diminishing in consequence of the fact that while some railroad accidents appear to be absolutely unavoidable, serious accidents entailing the wreckage of trains and wholesale disasters are very much less frequent than formerly. The adoption and maintenance of a complete system of railroad signals entails a considerable ex-



"I AIMED JUST BEHIND HIS SHOULDERS AND FIRED."

Mrs. Cardeza may be near the 40's. That fact the existence of her big, handsome son, "Tom" Cardeza, would attest, but she looks scarcely 30. Life aboard her yacht and in the hunting districts of the north has brought to her cheeks a rose bloom of robust health. She is the highest and best type of the American girl refined by a many-sided education and broadened by travel. She was born in Philadelphia of English parents. Her father was Thomas Drake, a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake. She is the widow of J. Martinez-Cardeza, a wealthy Spaniard.

"I learned to hunt in a curious way," said Mrs. Cardeza. "I had never practiced target shooting, although I had never been afraid of firearms. But my son, Tom, became an enthusiastic sportsman. He talked to me about the ambition that I should become a huntress. I laughed at first, but I came to see that he was in earnest. He is my all. I have not another living relative. The bond between us is very, very close. But I will not indulge in any mother foolishness. I saw that Tom wanted me to learn to shoot, and I determined that I would."

"One morning we were rowing on the Kineo river. Tom stopped rowing and whispered: 'Mother, a caribou. Shoot!' He placed the rifle in my hands and I aimed the gun just behind the animal's shoulders and pulled the trigger. The big beast jumped into the air and fell, dying. Tom was so proud that I began to be proud myself."

"My friends say I have a cool nerve and never miss. I don't think I deserve that eulogy. I simply follow my son's advice. 'Don't shoot unless you see that you are going to hit.' That is the secret of a true aim."

A ROMANCE OF AMBITION.

Count de Witte Now the Greatest Man in Russia.

Even Russia has its self-made men. The greatest man in the empire to-day, excepting the Czar himself, began life as an obscure railway employee. He is Count de Witte, Minister of Finance. Time and time again have combinations of nobles and capitalists been formed to crush his power—even to exile him to Siberia—and as often have the attempts failed. The latest effort, the greatest of them all, has just resulted in failure and Count de Witte enjoys to even a greater extent than ever his sovereign's confidence.

By birth Witte belongs to the lower middle classes. His father was of German origin. He gave the boy a university education and, through influential friends, secured for him a minor position in the railway department. After a while he was installed as assistant station master in an unimportant

are not accustomed to subordinates looking ahead or doing anything else on their own initiative. He worked night and day while the war lasted; and when it came to an end he had already made a reputation for himself, and was on the highway to fortune. Instead of being sent to Siberia he was made a director of the imperial railway.

His rise thereafter was rapid. M. Wyszyngradski, president of the railway, was made Minister of Finance and he made Witte Minister of Railways. The latter reformed the railway system and, as a result, those who had previously fattened on the public preferred charges against him. He was exonerated; they were exiled. In 1892 Witte was made Minister of Finance. Here was a field for reform in earnest.



COUNT DE WITTE.

—for of all the forlorn, crooked, wildcat muddles outside of a bucket shop the finances of Russia were the most hopeless. To create anything like decency and order out of that chaos was a labor of Hercules.

Witte did it. He has been working at it ever since, making himself illustrious the world over and hated in his own country. The credit of Russia is no longer a byword among the nations, and the former assistant station master is the most powerful man in the empire, next to the Czar. Witte—or De Witte, as it now is, the minister having been made a count—is the real force which is making Russia great commercially. He has made treaties with many nations and Russia's foreign trade has swelled prodigiously.

ACCIDENTS LESS FREQUENT.

Travel on American Railroads Is Safer than Ever Before.

There are 50,000 flagmen, switchmen and line watchmen employed on the railroads of the United States and the duties which devolve upon them relate

pense upon railroad companies, but it is much more than made up by the advantages attained, which include greater security in travel, a high rate of speed for passenger trains, a much diminished danger of track obstruction, and a practical diminution in the number and success of suits brought for damages. The work of making travel safe on American railroads is going ahead even faster than is the work of railroad building, actively resumed since 1897.—New York Sun.

A Dangerous Hallucination.

I saw a shrewd and successful gentleman who, on my being introduced, said he was glad to have a talk with a nerve doctor, for he thought there was something wrong, says the London Lancet. Then he told his tale, which was that he was pestered by gangs of gypsies who appeared everywhere. He said that he had just come in from chasing them in his garden, for wherever he looked out he saw them pulling up his shrubs.

I said, "But the shrubs are not removed; how do you account for this?" He said, "Well, it is hard to tell, but I still feel they do it, and when I wake in the morning I see the same gypsies using my tooth brush and my hair brushes; I jump up, only to find the gypsies have disappeared."

He admitted the absurdity of the whole thing, but yet he said he felt it was true, and he must act upon his belief. What might have proved a serious loss followed the persistent hallucinations, for before I insisted on his withdrawing from all business he had on one bank holiday gone to his office to look through his private safe with its very valuable securities; before leaving he thought he saw his son in the adjoining office, and told him to put the things away and to lock the safe. The son's presence was a hallucination, and it was only by accident that the young man discovered the state of affairs before others arrived next day.

The United States Mints.

There is only one mint—that is in Philadelphia. The present branch mints are in New Orleans and San Francisco. Before the war there were branch mints at Charlotte, N. C.; Dahlonega, Ga.; New Orleans and San Francisco, and during the war mints were started at Carson City, Nev., and Dallas City, Ore. The mints at Charlotte and Dahlonega stopped work in 1861; the mint at Carson City closed in 1865 and that at Dallas City in 1875.

Some way it always looks funny to see two men sit down to the piano and play a duet.

The first match was made in the garden of Eden—but it wasn't a parlor match.

Happy Women

who have been relieved of painful menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are constantly writing grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cured them. It always relieves painful periods and no woman who suffers should be without this knowledge.

Nearly all the ills of women result from some derangement of the female organism. Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine makes women healthy; of this there is overwhelming proof.

Don't experiment. If you suffer get this medicine and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

She Made It Like Starch. It is true that in Ireland, with the spread of general knowledge and improved medical aid, "cures" and superstitions are on the wane, but still "the mistress's bottle" is much preferred to the doctor's, and the advice of a "lucky woman" is of much higher value than that of an M. D. Apart from the medical knowledge required, it is no light matter to undertake to prescribe for one's neighbors, as the following will show:

"If it's plazin to y'r honor, I'm come to ax for a bottle," said an old woman. "I was tuk that bad last night I thought the life 'ud lave me."

After due inquiry into her symptoms she was given a packet of arrowroot, with minute directions how to prepare it. As she scarcely seemed to take them in, a happy thought struck the lady. "You know how to make starch, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," said the old woman. "Then make it just like that," said her friend, "and add a little sugar to it."


The old woman departed, to return next day with the information that she was like to die after atin what Miss Norah gave her, and with all due respect to her, she couldn't get it all down; it wint so ag'inst her.

She was requested to bring what remained for inspection, which revealed that the directions as to starch had been literally carried out. She had put blue in it.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Forest of Fontainebleau. We spent the night in Barbizon, paid a goodly bill and set off in the company of our English friends for the town of Fontainebleau, lying at the center of 50 square miles of forest," writes a girl from Paris to The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is never wild, never mysterious, this forest that thousands of artists have loved to paint, but it is calm and grand and never tedious. For eight hours we wandered over plains covered with towering oaks, among rocky gorges, out of which slender, graceful beeches rise, and through miles of fragrant, giant pines. And everywhere are feathery ferns and purple heather.

"There is not the slightest chance of losing one's way. Every square inch of the forest has been mapped out, and at the intersection of every two avenues a red hand points to the town, and a blue hand indicates the direction of one of the 'sights.' And Fontainebleau? We saw only the palace, a bewildering maze of magnificent rooms. Everywhere there was richness, everywhere wonderful frescoes, wonderful stairways, wonderful tapestry, wonderful inlaid furniture. The grandeur is oppressive, and we were glad to get out into the park, to wander about in the different courts."

Win hearts and you have all men's hands and purses.



AKNOCK OUT

There is more disability and helplessness from


LUMBAGO

than any other muscular ailment, but

St. Jacobs Oil

has found it the easiest and promptest to cure of any form of

LAME BACK



Misunderstood Patriotism.
Professor Alfred B. Adams of New York was a soldier in the civil war and took part in the Red river campaign under Major General Nathaniel T. Banks.
"At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the southern government. General Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla. Each bale was stenciled 'U. S. A.' and over this the northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters 'U. S. A.' I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright eyed young southern officer, said, 'Yank, what's that writing there?'"
"I looked proudly at him as I replied: 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read—U. S. A. over C. S. A.?'"
"He looked at me quizzically."
"Thank you," he said. "Do you know, I thought it was United States of American Cotton Stealing Association?"
"The next question he put to me I didn't answer."—Saturday Evening Post.

Takes on the Color.
Hogan—There is wan thing about a black eye that is dacin.
Grogan—And fwat is that?
Hogan—It turns green befor it goes.—Indianapolis Press.

The late Dr. Campbell Black of Glasgow, eminent as a physician and clinical lecturer, was fond of saying that "medicine is no more an exact science than millinery."

Original physicians have practiced vaccination for more than 1,000 years.

England's Armoured Trains.
The magnificent armoured trains used by England in her war with the Boers will protect her troops in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach, and then mounts guard that it does not return. The Bitters has won in every case of indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney trouble for fifty years.

"Ma, I didn't get the spellin' prize." "Well, Dickey, better luck next time." "Yes, but, ma, that girl 'at got it ain't bin goin' to our school but three months."

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Spring is not a feast of blossoms Nor of bonnets—on my soul. Deeper lies its fount of gladness—Spring is just succor of coal.

We would like you to try Adam's Sarsaparilla Stomach, Liver and Kidney Pills for your Spring Medicine this year. They are cheap and good, and never disappoint; 10c, 25c, druggists.

Dyspeptic—"Doctor, do you think that automobile riding in the country would do me any good?" "Doctor—" If you get one that will run about five miles out and then break down."

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him by their firm. WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Vanderbilts, having money to burn, are naturally willing to put it into coal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Johnson—Jackson, how would you get into society? "Jackson—Oh, I felt like it, and had the clothes, and was invited, I'd go."

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. King's Invigorating Tonic. FREE 3c. Trial Bottle containing 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. King's Institute, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Nassau's Big Tree.
In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three story house. It is variously known as a celba or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree; for no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty, buttressed trunk of the celba.

Its trunk throws out great curving, windlike braces, some of them 20 feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer, hundreds, even thousands, of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present, and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.—Washington Post.

Selfish Edward III.
King Edward III. of England was a great epicure, but a selfish one. While he gorged himself with a multitude of courses and dishes, he forbade his servants eating meat or fish more than once a day and ordained by law that none of his subjects should have at dinner or supper more than two courses nor above three dishes for each course.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.
The Wife's Artistic Decoration of the Little Drawing Room.
When he got home that night, she confronted him at the door, and he gasped with horror. She was not dressed for dinner, and she had one arm in a sling. Both thumbs were done up in huge bandages. There was a towel tied around her tousled head and a cut over one of her eyes. The odor of liniment was heavy on the air.
"For heaven's sake what has happened?" he asked.
Without a word she led the way into the little drawing room. Over the cushioned couch oriental draperies had been dispensed artistically with spears and armor, forming a beautiful, cozy corner. A lamp, burning dimly, hung in the center.
"I put it up myself today," she said. "I had grown tired waiting for you to do it, and the decorators wanted \$50."
He seated himself luxuriously among the pillows.
"How on earth did you manage it alone?" he asked, with exaggerated admiration and wonder. He knew just how it was done. He had always had to put it up himself before this.
"Oh, just a piece of lead pipe, a few tacks and a paper of pins!" she said simply, yet proudly. "I only fell off the stepladder twice."
There were almost tears in his voice when he spoke. It really touched him to see her standing there bandaged like a broken down race horse. Besides that, no one knew how he had dreaded the task of putting it up himself.
"Ah," he said, "when will we men realize what a priceless treasure we gain when we win the love of a true woman!"
He stretched out his arms affectionately toward her, and the entire thing collapsed about his head with a crash.—Kate Masterson in Life.

Baths and Fatigue.
Professor K. Beerwald says that when the body is fatigued or the brain has been overtaxed by excessive mental work it is very wrong to take a cold bath. Such a bath excites, he says, and if we add this to the already excited state of the body the result seems rejuvenating for the moment, but very soon the tension becomes too great, and the body cannot be forced to do more work.

According to the professor, a warm bath is the only kind to be applied when one wishes to recover from fatigue, and the longer a tired body remains in a bath of, say, 70 degrees the quieter become the strained nerves and the easier follows the sought for rest.

In the morning, after a good night's rest, a cold bath is very invigorating, but at no time during the day, if the nerves are strained, should it be repeated.

Packing For Moving.
"If you will only pack things in small boxes," says the woman who knows how to move, "you will have the men who move you in a comparatively beatific state of mind; books, for instance. It is strange, but every woman who has books to move immediately gets the biggest box she can find for them. Books are heavy anyway, and big boxes are liable to break with their weight, and it is almost impossible to move them. They will fit just as well into small, square boxes in which packages of starch or oatmeal have come, and they will pack into the moving van better, and the men can handle great numbers of them with little trouble."—New York Times.

A Lost Ad.
Ben Inprint—Say my wife, Mrs. Ben Inprint, and two children, Lucy and John, are away on a visit to her Uncle Ebeneger's, down at Cedar Valley. I join them over Sunday.

New Reporter (producing notebook)—Give me the names of the children again, please.

Ben Inprint—Goodness! Ye ain't goin' to put it in yer paper, are ye?

New Reporter—I intended to, but of course if you'd rather I'll not mention it. Good day.

Ben Inprint—Why didn't I keep my blame mouth shut? That feller must be new.—Ohio State Journal.

Confirmed drunkards are shamed into reformation in many of the towns of the Argentine Republic by being compelled to sweep the streets for eight days each time they may be arrested for intoxication.

Bolled Salt Meats.
The indigestible properties of bolled ham, corned beef and other salt meats may, according to Mrs. Parloa, the cooking expert, be eliminated if the meat is sufficiently bolled. The salt toughens the fibers, and it takes persistent bolling to overcome this. The time allowed for a ten pound piece is five hours, but as the pieces are apt to be thick rather than long one of half this weight would need about the same amount of time. The meat should be partly cooled in the water in which it is bolled.

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS
... MANUFACTURED BY ... CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ... NOTE THE NAME.

MANY SICK WOMEN
Can easily trace their trouble to the blood, but that don't help, unless they find a remedy.

Moore's Revealed Remedy
Purifies the blood—makes sick women strong and well. \$1.00 per bottle at the drug store.

KODAK AGENCY H. B. Hoerner carries a full line of Kodak photographic goods. Developing & Printing a Specialty, 538 Market St., S.F.

PISO'S CURE FOR Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

PERUNA PROTECTS OUR HOMES.



The Roberts Family, of Falls City, Neb., Are Healthy and Happy—A Rare Sight in These Days. They Say, "We Think Peruna is The Greatest Medicine On Earth."

No man is better known in the State of Nebraska than Mr. Carl T. Roberts, contractor and mason. A typical American—active, shrewd, and full of business sagacity. He is not only a provider for his family, but a protector. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he writes, among other things, as follows:

"Our boy, James, had the membranous croup, and repeated attacks of lung fever. Our boy, Charlie, was also subject to attacks of pneumonia and pleurisy. Our third boy, John, was subject to fever and ague (malaria) and liver trouble. Your remedy, Peruna, cured my boys entirely, and now I have three of the healthiest boys in the State of Nebraska, which I attribute to your medicine. My wife had a stomach trouble which Peruna also cured. Altogether for my whole family we have used nineteen bottles of Peruna, and have thus saved \$500 in doctors' bills. I am a contractor and mason by trade, and am known all over Nebraska. I have had a stomach trouble which has

been greatly relieved by your remedy, Peruna, for which I am still taking it. We think it is the greatest medicine on earth."—C. T. Roberts, Falls City, Neb.

Hon. William Youngblood, Auditor for the Interior, writes from Washington, D. C., to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, as follows: "I've often heard of your great medicine and have persuaded my wife, who has been much of a sufferer from catarrh to try Peruna, and after using one bottle

improved. It has proved all you have claimed for it, and I take pleasure in recommending it to anyone who is afflicted with catarrh." Peruna has become, in a multitude of households, absolutely indispensable.

Mr. T. G. Walker, Carneiro, Kansas, writes: "It is with pleasure that I report that I am better than I have been for many years. I believe Peruna is without a doubt the best medicine that ever was used in a family. It has cured my nervousness, with which I had been afflicted for a great number of years."

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The French Workman.
The French workman is the creature of the street for the sense of the joy of life and the creature of the home and the workshop for the sense of the hardship and sometimes of the sorrow. Fashioned as he is in this way, two outside forces contend for the possession of him. The question of questions is, "Will he take his guidance from the law or from the agencies of revolt?" The state and also, as we have seen, the church offer him all sorts of bribes and bonuses to consent to work in their way. They recognize his trade and self help societies. They try to get him to the altar as a devotee and to the urn as a voter. But he has heard of Utopias, and he longs to have one more struggle for absolute perfection at short notice, though he may have to lay down his life in the attempt.

The key to modern French history is to be found here. Every political movement has to be a compromise between the aspirations of the faubourg and the world as it wags. The French workman has been bred in the belief in revolution as a recognized agency of progress and by instinct and habit he loathes second best. The old order offers him the churches, the thrift and benefit societies, co-operation, insurance against accidents, education, technical and other—the old political economy, in a word, and the paternal state. The new whispers socialism, the commune, anarchy sometimes and with these the barricade.—Richard Whiting in Century.

Bolled Salt Meats.
The indigestible properties of bolled ham, corned beef and other salt meats may, according to Mrs. Parloa, the cooking expert, be eliminated if the meat is sufficiently bolled. The salt toughens the fibers, and it takes persistent bolling to overcome this. The time allowed for a ten pound piece is five hours, but as the pieces are apt to be thick rather than long one of half this weight would need about the same amount of time. The meat should be partly cooled in the water in which it is bolled.

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